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Rich Roth 1x Ranch Montana

Mustand Pepper Beet Steaks

A ROTH FAMILY COOKOUT CLASSIC

MUSTARD PEPPER BEEF STEAKS



Ingredients

4 boneless beef top loin (strip) steaks, cut 1 inch thick (about 21/2 to 3 pounds) Salt (optional)

Marinade

- 1/4 cup apple juice or apple cider
- 2 tablespoons coarse-grind Dijon-style mustard
- 2 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley
- 4 large cloves garlic, minced
- 1 teaspoon coarse-grind black pepper

Makes 8 servings

- 1. Combine sauce ingredients in small bowl. Remove and reserve 1/4 cup for basting. Brush steaks with remaining sauce.
- 2. Place steaks on grid over medium, ash-covered coals. Grill, covered, 11 to 14 minutes (over medium heat on preheated gas grill. 11 to 15 minutes) for medium rare (145°F) to medium (160°F) doneness, turning occasionally. Baste steaks with reserved 1/4 cup sauce during last 10 minutes of grilling.
- 3. Carve steaks into slices. Season with salt, if desired.

Nutrition information per serving (1/8 of recipe): 205 calories; 7 g fat (3 g saturated fat, 3 g monounsaturated fat); 68 mg cholesterol; 142 mg sodium; Tourntion information per serving (170 or recipe): 200 calones, 7 g rat to g saturated rat, 5 g monounsaturated rat), 90 mg cholesteror; 142 mg sodium; 2 g carbohydrate; 0.3 g fiber; 31 g protein; 8.9 mg niacin; 0.7 mg vitamin B₆; 1.7 mcg vitamin B₁₂; 2.2 mg iron; 36.0 mcg selenium; 5.7 mg zinc; 118.9 mg choline.

This recipe is an excellent source of protein, macin, vitamin 86, vitamin B12, selenium, zinc and choline; and a good source of iron.

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Tito's Handmade Vodka may have its heart—and distillery—in Austin, TX, but the six-times-distilled, 100% corn, exceptionally smooth spirit is equally at home in recipes from around the world. Serve this rich and flavorful pasta dish with a refreshingly unique Tito's Negroni for a perfect summer pairing.

PENNE ALLA TITO'S HANDMADE VODKA

Recipe by Michael Roberts, Arkansas Foodies | Serves 4

2 tbsp. butter 2 shallots, minced 2 cloves of garlic, minced ½ tsp. red pepper flakes 215-oz. cans crushed tomatoes Large pinch of Kosher salt

½ cup Tito's Handmade Vodka 3/4 cup heavy cream ½ cup grated parmesan 1/2 cup fresh basil leaves, sliced into thin ribbons 16 oz. penne pasta



- 1. Melt the butter in a large skillet and sauté shallots until they are soft, but not browned. Add the garlic and red pepper, cook for a minute longer. 2. Add the vodka, tomatoes, and salt. Cook for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally.
- 3. Stir in the cream and simmer until the sauce thickens, about 4-5 minutes. Stir in parmesan and basil, add 16 ounces cooked and drained pasta, tossing to coat.
- 4. Serve with a bit more parmesan sprinkled over the top and a Tito's Negroni.

TITO'S NEGRONI

1 oz Tito's Handmade Vodka 1 oz Campari 1 oz St-Germain Elderflower Liqueur

Stir all ingredients in mixing glass filled with ice. Strain over fresh ice in an Old Fashioned glass. Burst an orange peel over cocktail to release oils, serve.









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SAVEUR







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The remote Brazilian island of Marajó, where the Amazon meets the Atlantic, is a wonderland of tropical fruits, fresh fish, and startling flavors. The result is a diverse and generous cuisine, where steaks cloaked in melted cheese, catfish stewed in coconut milk, and smoky rice and beans grace the table, By Neide Rigo

LEFT: JAMES OSELAND, TODD COLEMAN (2)

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In Portland, Oregon, food carts are more than just a trend. The hundreds of mobile eateries dotting the cityscape have changed the way people eat. From succulent Iraqi stuffed onions to spicy Thai-style wings, chef-made pastas, and lemon curd-laced breakfast sandwiches, there's a plate for every appetite. By Dana Bowen

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Once the most popular way to get from Paris to the Riviera, France's Route 7 came to be known as the road that led to summer. The author takes a nostalgic journey down the fabled road, making stops for the luscious charcuterie of Lyon, honey-scented nougat of Montélimar, olive-strewn pissaladières of Provence, and more. By Sylvie Bigar

Cover Spicy Thai Chicken Wings PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD COLEMAN











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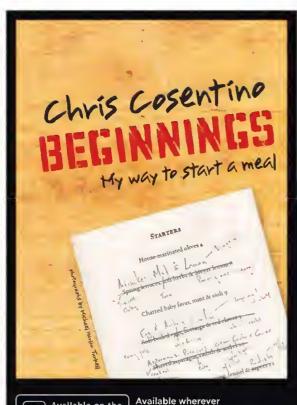
120 Moment

At the Minnesota State Fair, an aspiring princess is immortalized in butter. *Photo by Penny De Los Santos*

Sombremesa de Banana com Queijo (Banana and Cheese Pudding) ... Portland Food Carts Bagula (Garlic and Dill Fava Bean Salad)...... Fettuccine with Heirloom Tomatoes Peek Gai Nam Daeng (Spiey Thai Chicken Wings)......84 Rigatoni in Tomato Sauce.... Tininon Mannok yan Hineksa' Agaga (Barbecue Chicken with Red Rice) Zalata Amba (Chickpeas with Mango Pickle)......86 Route 7 Madeleines. Pissaladière (Caramelized Onion Tart)...... Poisson en Papillote (Red Snapper Baked in Packets) 104 Soeca (Chiekpea-Flour Crêpes)...... Tapenade Noire à la Figue (Olive Spread with Figs)...... 106 Tartare de Filet de Boeuf (Steak Tartare).......106 Vivaneau Rouge Rôti avec Fenouil et Tomates (Red Snapper Baked with Fennel and Tomaroes) ...,







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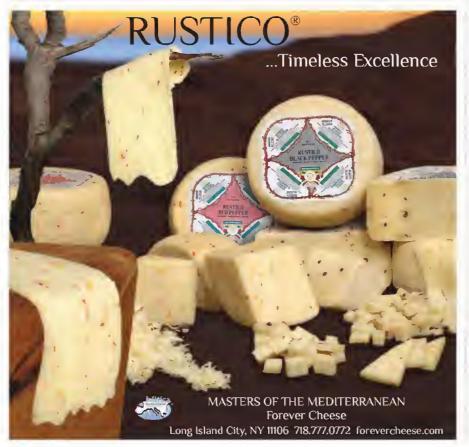
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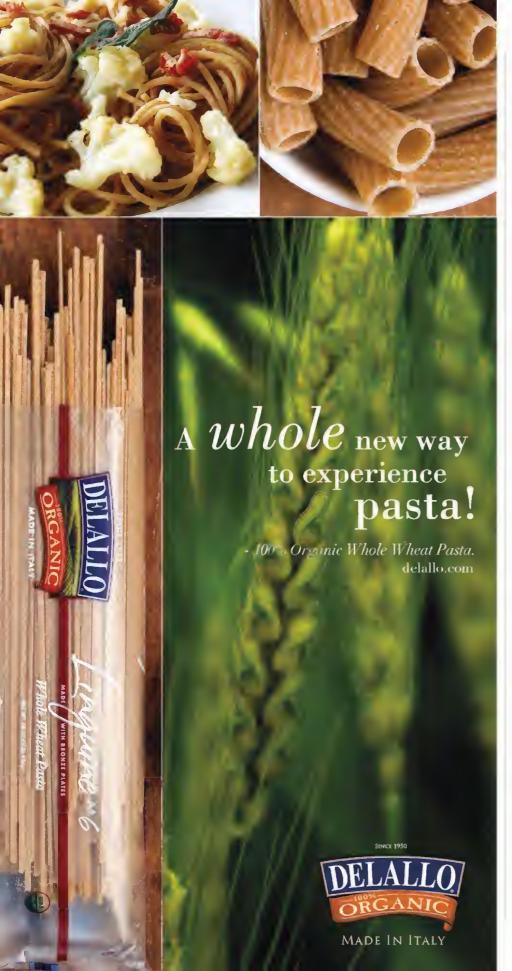


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{chewlicious}

adjective: when food is so delicious that it is savored for as long as possible before being swallowed. The last bite of Wisconsin Gouda always proves to be the most chewlicious.



Wisconsin Cheese



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COURTESY OF MICHAEL STERN (2)

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Fun in the Sun

State fairs are the purest expression of our summer cravings

HEN WE BEGAN traveling around the country to eat for our Roadfood books years ago, we made a point of visiting every state fair we could find. Being quite sophisticated in our DayGlo bell-bottoms and platform shoes (hey, it was the 1970s), we were tickled by the unabashed ingenuousness of these events, where people seriously manicured their hogs, adjusted their roosters' combs, perfumed their oxen, and put up gallons of homemade preserves, all in hope of winning a blue ribbon.

The culinary landscape has changed in all sorts of ways since then. Blessedly, state fairs have hardly changed at all. They are as square as ever, wholesome and old-fashioned. Like huge harvest-time community picnics to which all are welcome, they come at the end of summer when autumn winds and winter cold loom. ahead. For those of us who like to eat, the festive attitude is especially alluring. What better way to savor the joys of summer than by lavishly indulging in sleeves-up food outdoors?

And, as we rediscovered last year while reporting at the Minnesota Fair for our Routes column in this issue (see page 31), not everyone comes to savor fried candy bars and belly bombs on sticks. There's great

From left: Michael Stern with Miss Texas Watermelon at the Texas State Fair in 1978; Jane Stern at the Iowa State Fair in 1982.

home-style cooking at state fairs, too. We first encountered this 30 years ago in a churchsponsored dining hall at the Iowa Fair, where we found ourselves in the cafeteria line behind a skeptical farm couple eyeballing the meat loaf. "You want a piece of meat, not filler!" wife told husband. He chose meat loaf anyway (she took roast beef, after being assured the accompanying mashed potatoes were made from scratch), and at the table when he allowed her a bite, she conceded that it was fine, really quite wholesome. Not as good as the meat loaf she made back home, but for Des Moines, darn good.

We love all fairs, large and small (although Jane still holds a grudge against the Cannondale Grange in Connecticut for not awarding a blue ribhon to her hanana bread 30 years ago). There is something so wonderful about the way they perpetuate fun; the way children scream on roller coasters and water slides, sharpshooters fire barrages at tin critters from gallery rifles, and music, yodeling, and hog calling all waft from speakers above the din. It's enough to work up a serious appetite. -Jane and Michael Stern, SAVEUR contributing editors



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FARE

Learnings and Yearnings From the World of Food, Plus Agenda and More



URING MY CHILDHOOD IN New Jersey in the 1950s, summer was canning time, when the kitchen in our home filled with steam as my mother and grandmother put up jar after jar of tomatoes and fruit jams. Before the work could begin, we traveled from our neighborhood to the farmers' market on the opposite side of Newark. Farmers arrived there late in the evening, after their work in the fields was finished, and we bought tomatoes by the bushel out of the backs of their trucks. The parking area was bordered by what we referred to as "the stores"—large open sheds where wholesalers sold to food markets. That was where we

bought flats of berries. I always angled for blueberries; I favored their sharp-edged sweetness. Besides, I knew blueberries were likely to end up in a pie or cake, which offered more immediate gratification than jars of jam, no matter how delicious. Luckily, the berries were abundant throughout the summer, because New Jersey was their home state as well as mine.

Wild blueberries, which are found throughout eastern North America, grow close to the ground, making them difficult to

Harvesting wild blueberries in 1954 with a blueberry rake.

AGENDA

June/July 2012

MARION LIVERMUSH FESTIVAL

Marion, North Carolina North Carolinians know livermush tastes better than it sounds. A cousin of scrapple, the pig liver, cornmeal,



and sage pudding traveled south from Pennsylvania with German and Moravian scttlers in the 1750s, Nearly 4,000 visitors turn out

at this fest to eat liver mush pan-fried and crumbled atop nachos and pizza, or layered on sandwiches with ketchup and mustard. Info: marionnc.org

GEORGIA PEACH FESTIVAL

Fort Valley, Georgia

The grand parade, pancake breakfast, and live country music at the 26th fête for the state's 2.6-million-bushel peach



peaches, is baked in an oven in the Peach County Courthouse parking lot. Info: worldslargestpeachcobbler.com

CHERRY MOUSSEM

Sefrou, Morocco

This village in the Atlas Mountains. dubbed the "Garden of Morocco," comes alive each June when its cherry trees bear fruit. For more than 90 years, Sefrou has hosted a cherry-themed souk, or market, with Berber music, the crowning of a cherry queen, and a parade winding through streets lined with baskets of the sweet fruit. Fresh cherries, eaten out of hand, are the focus, but vendors also serve up triid, chicken roasted with Icmon and cinnamon, and briouat, fried filo dough pastries. Info: visitmorocco.com

July

TODD COLEMAN (2); ISTOCKPHOTO

LEFT

IL PALIO DI SIENA

Siena, Italy

The night before jockcys representing Siena's contradas, or districts, ride bareback around Piazza del Campo in the famed Palio di Siena horse race, they dig into an al fresco good-luck banquet. Locals, each loyal to their own contrada's specialtics, join in. The Brucaioli, from northern Siena, serve gnocchi giallo verdi. ycllow and green egg- andspinach pasta, in the hues of their »



harvest. Plus, many varieties are overly tart or lacking in flavor. The fat, sweet, modern fruit that is the pride of Jersey towns like Hammonton, the "Blueberry Capital of the World," was born in the Pine Barrens, the coastal forested plain in the south of the state, less than 100 years ago.

The crop was the brainchild of Elizabeth Coleman White. Born in 1871 to parents who grew cranberries, White was raised on what became a 3,000-acre plantation known as Whitesbog, about 30 miles north of Hammonton, Keeping up on farming trends through Department of Agriculture publications, she learned of the USDA botanist Frederick Coville's work in blueberry

propagation. In 1911, at White's invitation, Coville moved his office to Whitesbog where, with the help of farmers who provided the best-tasting wild varieties, he developed the first generation of high-bush blueberries. In 1916 Coville and White brought their first crop to market.

By 1927, White had organized local farmers into the New Jersey Blueberry Cooperative Association. Her determination to domesticate the sweet-tart berries was a gift to those farmers, and to blueberry lovers like me. I think of her, and of those childhood summers, every time I bake a pie or a cake or a juicy slump full of the finger-staining fruit (see a recipe at right). —Nick Malgieri

Blueberry Slump

SERVES 8

A sticky biscuit dough is dropped onto blueberries in this classic New England dessert (pictured at left), which is called a "slump," "grunt," or "cobbler," depending on who you're asking.

- 2 cups flour
- cups sugar, plus more for sprinkling
- tsp. baking powder
- tsp. kosher salt
- tbsp. unsalted butter, cubed and chilled
- 1¼ cups milk
- lb. blueberries
 - cup fresh orange juice
- cup fresh lemon juice Vanilla ice cream, for serving

1 Whisk together flour, 1/4 cup sugar, baking powder, and 1/2 tsp. salt in a large bowl; add butter, and using your fingers, rub butter into flour until pea-size crumbles form. Add milk, and stir just until a moist dough forms; cover and refrigerate dough until ready

2 Heat oven to 400°. Bring remaining sugar and salt along with blueberries and citrus juices to a boil in a 12" cast-iron or enamelware skillet over high heat, stirring to dissolve sugar. Remove pan from heat, and using two tablespoons, portion and form chilled dough into 2-3" oval dumplings, and drop them evenly on top of the hlueherry mixture. Sprinkle dough dumplings with sugar, and transfer skillet to oven; bake until biscuits are cooked through and blueberry mixture is reduced, about 25 minutes. Serve hot with vanilla ice cream, if you like.

One Good Bottle The Shirley Temple Grows Up

When Dushan Zaric was a child in Belgrade, Serbia, there were two kinds of grenadine: the crimson, sugary commercial kind and the homemade pomegranate syrups made by his parents and their friends. Each winter, there would be a flurry of juicing, reducing, sweetening, and spicing-cinnamon, cardamom, orange-flower water—resulting in a fragrant, balanced syrup. That memory inspired Zaric and his $partner, Jason Kosmas, of the Manhattan \, restaurant \, Employees \, Only, to \, create \, \textbf{Employees Only Grender}, \, Jason \, Kosmas, of the Manhattan \, restaurant \, Employees \, Only, to \, create \, \textbf{Employees Only Grender}, \, Lorentz \,$ adine (12 ounces; \$11.49), a swarthy, not-too-sweet syrup that has more in common with the flavors of the Levant than with other, saccharine grenadines. With a rich aroma of cloves and cardamom and the dark, tart flavor of fresh pomegranates, it's florid, heady, and multifaceted. I like it stirred into ginger ale for a sophisticated Shirley Temple. -Helen Rosner



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Singapore Sling

MAKES 1 COCKTAIL Invented circa 1915 by bartender Ngiam Tong Boon at Singapore's Raffles Hotel, this sweet drink has become a beachside classic on strands worldwide. To make it, combine 2 oz. gin, 2 oz. pineapple juice, 3/4 oz. fresh lime juice, 3/4 oz. Cherry Heering, 2 tsp. Bénédictine, 2 tsp. Cointreau, 2 dashes grenadine, and 1 dash Angostura bitters in a cocktail shaker filled with ice; shake until well chilled. Strain into an ice-filled Collins glass, fill with soda water, and garnish with 1 slice lemon and mint leaves.



Arak and Grapefruit

On the beaches of Tel Aviv, and elsewhere in the Middle East, a bracing blend of arak (a grape-derived, unsweetened, anise-flavored liquor) and fresh grapefruit juice is a popular refresher. Arak can be found in the United States but is not always available; ouzo makes a fine substitute. To make the drink, combine 4 oz. chilled fresh grapefruit juice and 2 oz. arak in a chilled cocktail glass; fill with ice, and garnish with 1 basil leaf to serve.

Seaside Sips

Libations have long been associated with travel to far-flung coastlines. In 1609, when explorer Henry Hudson alit upon the shores of the river that today bears his name, he claimed to have encountered gnomes there who plied his crew with a potent brew that transformed them into beady-eved little folks, too. During Prohibition, Americans flocked on European cruise ships to the Caribbean, where they could sip their fill of rum-based cocktails. Today, the world over, beaches are the locus of booze-filled frolics Some beach drinks minimalist concoctions like the Israeli favorite. arak and grapefruit reflect summer's drive toward ease. Others. such as the Singapore Sling, are more elaborate, evoking the alleged exoticism of their native locales with tropical juices and spices, multiple liquors, and elaborate garnishes. But however it is made, a beachside cocktail sets the summer-vacation mood and cools the sun's heat. At left, some favorites. — Rosie Schaap, "Drink" columnist for The New York Times Magazine

Pisco Sour

MAKES 1 COCKTAIL Pisco-an eau de vie distilled from grapes—was born on the coast of Peru, but Chileans make it too. and each country claims the cocktail for which it is best known. The recipe will look familiar to anyone who has ever made a sour of any kind; the pisco imparts a winey quality. To make it, combine 1 oz. pisco, 3/4 oz. simple syrup, 1/2 oz. fresh lime juice, 1/2 lightly beaten egg white, and I dash Angostura bitters in a cocktail shaker filled with ice; shake until well chilled. Strain into a chilled cocktail glass filled with ice to serve.



Michelada

MAKES 1 COCKTAIL Mexican lager is refreshing on a hot beach day. Mixed with ingredients usually associated with the bloody mary, it's even more restorative. Combine 1 tsp. kosher salt and 1 tsp. chile powder in a small dish; set aside. Run 1 lime wedge around the rim of a tall beer glass; dip rim into salt mixture. Add 2 oz. tomato juice, 1 oz. fresh lime juice, 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, 1/4 tsp. hot sauce, 2 dashes Maggi seasoning, and 1 chilled 12-oz. bottle Mexican lager to glass and stir gently to combine; garnish with 1 pickled jalapeño to serve.



Kalimotxo

MAKES 1 COCKTAIL Some say the secret to mixing cola and red wine together is using the cheapest plonk you can get. We prefer a slightly better, dry, tannic red. This Basque, a popular refresher on the shores of San Sebastián, is the bestknown, although the drink is also popular throughout Spain, in parts of Eastern Europe, and in South America, under different names. To make it, combine 3 oz. dry rioja wine, 3 oz. cola, and the juice of half a lemon in a chilled cocktail glass filled with ice; garnish with 1 lemon slice to serve.



Long Island Iced Tea

MAKES 1 COCKTAIL Invented in 1972 by Robert "Rosebud" Butt, then bartender at the Oak Beach Inn in Suffolk County, Long Island, this multiliquor drink's reputation for potency quickly made it a classic. To make it, combine 1/2 oz. each vodka, gin, rum, tequila, triple sec, fresh lemon juice, and simple syrup in a cocktail shaker filled with ice: stir until well chilled. Strain into a chilled cocktail glass filled with ice, and add 3 oz. cola; garnish with 1 lemon slice to serve.



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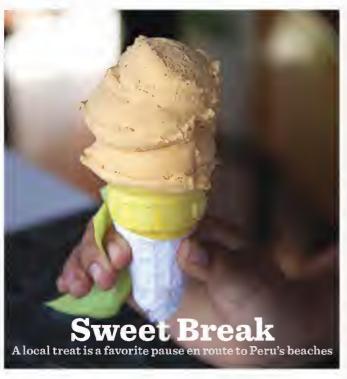
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VERY SUMMER weekend in Lima, Peru, scores of residents evacuate the capital for a 100-kilometer drive south to the beaches where the city's upper crust keeps summer homes. The Pan-American Highway, which weaves its way through towering sand dunes lined with giant billboards advertising flatscreen TVs and Cusqueña beer, is choked with cars.

Appearing out of nowhere like an oasis at kilometer 63.5, in the town of Chilca, is Helados OVNI. The brightly painted ice cream shop, named after the Spanish acronym for an unidentified flying object (sightings of which are frequently reported here), is plastered with UFO paraphernalia. A welcome break from the traffic-snarled journey, OVNI sells just one flavor of ice cream: lucuma.

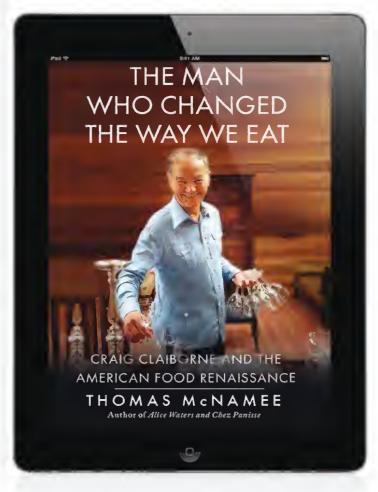
Pronounced "loo-koo-mah," the eponymous ingredient is sometimes called eggfruit for its dry, orange-yellow flesh, which is similar in texture and color to a hard-boiled egg yolk but tastes nothing like one. Found only in the lower altitudes of Peru and Chile, green-skinned, baseballsized lucuma has long been a staple of the indigenous cuisine; it is depicted on the ceramics of Peru's ancient coastal civilizations. It has a thin shell that peels off when ripe and a buckeye-like brown seed.

Rarely eaten plain, lucuma is usually blended into a pulp used in desserts, most popularly in ice cream. OVNI's version is sold by the cone or in a container with an illustration of a UFO and a lucuma. The flavor is somewhat like maple syrup poured

on sweet potato. Scooped plain or with pecans and chocolate chips mixed in, as some OVNI customers prefer it, there's nothing else quite as evocative of a beach day in Peru.

—Nicholas Gill

Taste Matters Craig Claiborne was a giant of American gastronomy. Along with Julia Child and James Beard, the longtime New York Times food editor and critic-his 29-year run ended in 1986—helped pull the country out of its postwar culinary slump. Claiborne introduced us to fresh herbs, regional Chinese cooking, the food processor, and more; he defined restaurant reviewing as we know it. In the new biography *The* Man Who Changed the Way We Eat (Free Press, 2012), available in the iBookstore and elsewhere. author Thomas McNamee describes a man who gleefully charted the course of American cookery. yet had a dark side, struggling with alcoholism and his sexual orientation. Claiborne was a near recluse by the time he died in 2000. But his contribution to the culinary arts is a lasting one. "Cooking is at once child's play and adult joy," he said. "And cooking done with care is an act of love." (For more ebook picks, visit SAVEUR .COM/DIGITALFEAST.) -Gabriella Gershenson



COURTESY NICHOLAS GILL (2)



Whatever the Cuisine





Côtes du Rhône Wines



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Solstice Snack *Knäckebröd*, or erispbread, has been part of the Swedish diet since antiquity. It is said that the Vikings ate the nutty rye flour cracker: It's nutritious and nearly unperishable. Traditionally, it is baked with a center hole for drying on a wooden pole, and its grooves, which help it cook evenly, are created by a stud-covered rolling pin. Swedes eat crispbread often, but it's especially popular on Midsummer's Eve paired with pickled herring and a shot of strong drink. —*Joy Hui Lin*

Knäckebröd

(Swedish Crispbread)

MAKES FOUR 9" ROUNDS

Customarily served during the warmer season, but eaten year round in Sweden, these earthy, thin crackers (pictured above) are delicious topped with smoked or pickled fish, or sliced cheese.

- 1 cup milk, heated to 115°
- 11/2 tsp. honey
- 11/2 tsp. barley malt syrup
 - 1 ¼-oz. package active dry yeast
- 1½ cups whole wheat graham

- 3/2 cup rye flour
- ¼ cup spelt flour
- 1/4 cup whole wheat flour
- 1½ tsp. lightly crushed fennel seeds
- ½ tsp. kosher salt
- tsp. flaked sea salt
- 1 Stir together milk, honey, syrup, and yeast in a large bowl; let sit until foamy, about 10 minutes. Add the four flours, fennel seeds, and kosher salt, and stir until dough forms; cover with plastic wrap and let sit until slightly puffed, about 1 hour.
- 2 Heat oven to 450°. Working on a

floured work surface, divide dough into 4 pieces. Working with one piece at a time, use a rolling pin to roll dough into a 9" circle, about 1/8" thick. Transfer circle to a parchment paper-lined baking sheet, and using a 11/2" round cutter, cut out a hole in the center of the circle. Prick the dough all over with a fork, and brush circle lightly with water; sprinkle with 1/4 tsp. flaked sea salt. Bake until lightly browned and crisp, about 10 minutes. Using tongs, flip bread and continue baking until underside is browned, about 4 more minutes. Repeat with remaining dough pieces and sea salt. 5 To Try

Moo U.

Cheeses from college dairies

1 University of Wisconsin Madison Juustoleipä (608/262-3045; babcockhalldairystore.wisc.edu) A few flips in a hot skillet crisps and

softens, but does not melt, this uncultured Finnish-style cheese, made with local milk from the university dairy



and nearby farms. Moist, gooey, and slightly salty, the cheese tastes quite like Cypriot halloumi. Available only at the college dairy store, it's worth a detour if you're in Wisconsin.

2 Clemson University Blue Cheese (800/599-0181; clem sonbluecheese.com) Handmade on traditional equipment dating back seven decades, this semisoft, mild Roquefort-style blue cheese comes in wheels, wedges, crumbled, and in a tangy dressing. It tastes great sprinkled over a simple salad with a splash of olive oil and sherry vinegar.

3 Michigan State University
Dagano (517/355-8466; dairy
store.msu.edu) Brining, and then
aging for four to eight
weeks in a 50-degreesFahrenheit cave, lends
this Swiss-inspired, yellow-hued cheese a nutty
taste that's perfect for
grilling.

4 University of Nebraska-Lincoln Husker (402/472-2828; dairystore.unl.edu) Stirring

and washing, rather than milling the curds of this semisoft, mellow, Monterey Jack-style cheese, lowers its acidity and



adds a smooth creaminess, making it the perfect topping for a burger.

5 Washington State University
Smoky Cheddar (800/457-5442;
wsu.edu/creamery) This crumbly,
hickory-flavored, aged American
cheddar, made with milk from the
university's herd of Holstein
cows, is packaged in a
steel can, a signature
since the cheese was
first created in 1940.
—Eluse Inamine



tropic of desire



» flag; Leocorno natives eat a dish in their own colors: pumpkin risotto on a blue-edged plate. Info: ctps.it

July

Birthday SIMONE BECK

1904. Tocqueville-en-Caux, France The daughter to the heir of the Bénédictine liqueur fortune, Simone "Simca" Beck, cofounded the Paris cooking school L'Ecole de Trois Gourmandes and coauthored Mastering the Art of French Cooking along with Louisette Bertholle and Julia Child. Later, Beck taught cooking in Grasse, France, and penned two books of her own; Simea's Cuisine and New Menus from Simca's Cuisine. She passed away in 1991 at the age of 87.

July **FESTIVAL NACIONAL DEL** GUINEO

Lares, Puerto Rico More than 20,000 people will gather in Lares to honor the islands' 2,000 guineo, or banana, farms. The 23rd annual party includes a banana-eating contest and the world's largest guineos en escabeche, green banana salad. Revelers sample delicacies like pastel de guineo, a banana-based tamalc stuffed with chicken or pork; flan de guineo, a caramelized banana custard pie; and even vino de guineo, banana wine. Info: pucrtorico.com

TALES OF THE COCKTAIL

New Orleans, Louisiana Bartenders and tipplers mix it up during New Orlcans's spirited five-day to ast



to the cocktail. At this 10th anniversarv celebration. festivalgoers can learn how to make their own bitters. enjoy seminars on topics like Russian

drinking culture, sample spirits from Herbsaint to toasted carainel whiskey, and raise a glass to the winners of the daiquiri competition. Info:talesofthe cocktail.com

July **KOLACKY DAYS**

Montgomery, Minnesota This southern Minnesota town, settled by Czech immigrants in the 1850s, hosts its 78th fcte for the kolacky, a yeasted pastry whose fillings can include prune, poppyseed, apricot, apple, and blueberry. Celebrants sample the treats, imbibe in the beer garden, and enjoy a Czech dinner of roast pork, potato dumplings, and sauerkraut. Info: montgomerymn.org

Brain Food

A dining guide to mid-20th-century New York, compiled by a scientist-polymath

OBERT BROWNING Sosman, a physical chemist who died in 1967 at the age of 86, packed many careers into one lifetime. He wrote the definitive book on the chemical compound silica; was the seventh person to hike the entire Appalachian Trail; and, at home in New Jersey, kept a 3,500-strong map collection. He also made a significant contribution to the New York dining seene: Between 1941 and 1962, while frequenting Manhattan for work, Sosman compiled notes for his self-published Gustavademecum for the Island of Manhattan: A Check-List of the Best-Recommended or Most Interesting Eating-Places, Arranged in Approximate Order of Increasing Latitude and Longitude. An unusual but visionary restau-

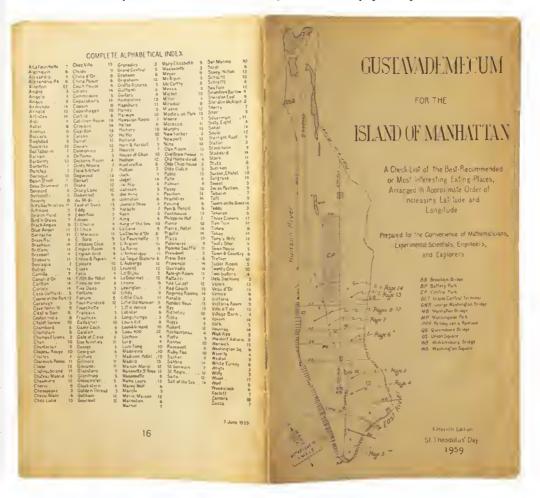
rant guide "for the convenience of mathematicians, experimental scientists, engineers, and explorers," it crammed a gastronomie brain trust into a 16-page, saddle-stitched leaflet filled with hand-drawn symbols.

In each of the guide's at least 15 editions, Sosman reviewed 300 restaurants, relaying facts like cuisine and cost, as well as esoteric observations like tableside lighting (measured in lumens) and waiters' estimated IQs. All of it was written in a mashup of mathematical figures, glyphs, Greek, and astrological symbols. A sigma meant there was samba dancing. A lowercase "m" suggested that Madison Avenue types frequented the restaurant; Don Drapers of the day might be found slurping bouillabaisse at Le Provençal.

The guide is now 50 years out of print-a single copy is tucked away in a geological texts cabinet at Yale-but in its time, it was a favorite of the slide rule crowd, who received copies when Sosman distributed them at conferences.

"It fit nicely in the inside pocket of our suit coats," said George Fischer, whose boss at a firm that made type-reading machines for eredit eard receipts gave him a guide in 1958. The Gustavademecum (gustare is Latin for "to taste manual") transformed rote business meals into adventures. Deciphering Sosman's algebra, says Fischer, was "part of the fun." —Hugh Merwin

THE PANTRY, page 116: Info on visiting Helados OVNI, buying Employees Only Grenadine, and more.











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Fair and Square

Indulging in regional favorites and food-on-a-stick at the Minnesota State Fair

BY JANE AND MICHAEL STERN PHOTOGRAPHS BY PENNY DE LOS SANTOS

ROFLIGACY REIGNS at state fairs. They are all about the bests and the biggests, the strongest oxen and fastest horses, the tallest space tower ride and slickest water slide. Fairs are especially notorious as orgics of nutritionally incorrect food. Contrivances like deep-fried butter and chocolate-dipped jalapeno peppers notwithstanding, many fairs have really delicious things to eat. Crunch-crusted Fletcher's Corny Dogs in Texas, fresh peach sundaes in Maryland, and cinnamon-dusted Navajo fry bread in New Mexico are signature temptations that make fair-going an avid eater's paradise.

There is no fair bigger and better than Minnesota's, which attracts nearly 1.8 million visitors each year and offers a bill of fare that might have been concocted by a voracious Hieronymus Bosch. Held since 1859—the

SAVEUR contributing editors JANE and MICHAEL STERN are the authors of Road-food.com.

year after Minnesota joined the Union—the 12-day, end-of-summer blowout hosts more than 300 vendors selling food that ranges from salubrious wild rice soup to sinful deep-fried pie, and from predictable hot dogs and cotton candy to precocious sweet corn ice cream with hot honey-butter-bacon sauce. As we discovered when we arrived last summer toward the tail end of the fair, temptation is everywhere, in every imaginable form.

The Minnesota State Fair is the last word in things served on sticks, offering more than three dozen impaled edibles: a class of food that is ideal for gobbling while walking among crowds. Some items are traditional stick cuisine, such as caramel apples and chicken kabobs; but the roster of skewered munchies also includes third-of-a-pound hunks of maple-glazed bacon, sausage-and-corn muffin breakfast lollipops, walleye, ostrich, deep-fried fruit, and even seemingly unlikely candidates like mashed potatoes, salad, coffee (in frozen form), spaghetti with meatballs,

and macaroni and cheese.

For easy ambulatory eating, nothing beats a serving of Minnesota State Fair french fries. "Big deal," you say? "What's so special about fries?" Taste these and know. If called pommes frites and served in a swank dining room on a china plate, they would earn four stars. These fries arc fresh; crowds constantly lined up to eat them insure that every batch sold is still hazardously hot from the fry kettle. They are available all around the fairgrounds at booths stocked with bushels of skin-on potatoes, ready to be cut and fried. Once you begin to approach the head of the line, you smell hot-potato perfume and watch the hypnotic sight of glistening fries scooped into cardboard containers ready to be salted or spritzed with malt vinegar. Most of the potato pieces are gorgeous square logs with crisp honeytone crust and creamy insides, but

From left: Barb Schaller dons her canning medals from the 2011 Minnesota State Fair; ham loaf (see page 36 for a recipe) with sides.































there are always plenty of dark brown charred bits that crunch.

NOT ALL GOOD EATS AT the Minnesota State Fair are deep-fried or served on sticks, though, and that's what makes this fair so special. Local churches run dining halls that serve breakfast, lunch, and dinner in venues insulated from the surrounding commotion. Fairgrounds church suppers, dating back well over a century, are a tradition at many fairs around the country; in their mid-20th-century heyday, there were more than two dozen of them in Minnesota. By 2011, there were only three, and in 2012, two remain. Run by volunteers for charity's sake, they are a surviving taste of the state fair as an opportunity for rural folk to come to town and share a square meal served by a polite staff in a decent setting.

The Salem Lutheran Church runs a snug dining hall with six tables where customers are served bowls of chili and Swedish meatballs by waitresses in hairnets, some of whom seem to have no task other than refilling coffee cups. A dollar gets you a bottomless cup. This is no ordinary coffee. It is Swedish coffee, made by adding an egg before boiling the brew, which clarifies the coffee and removes any bitterness. Colloquially known as Lutheran latte, it is a drink familiar to many Swedish-Americans of the upper Midwest, although it is little known elsewhere, including Sweden.

The Hamline United Methodist Church started serving sandwiches in 1897 but has since become known for its ham loaf, coarsely ground and seasoned ham served in thick, pink slices under a spill of brown sugar-mustard-vinegar syrup. Hamline's hall is a big place with rows of long tables topped by red-checked cloths; service is cafeteria-style. Although it is a reassuring icon to repeat visitors, Hamline's ham loaf, of which perhaps 1,000 servings are dished out during the run of the fair, doesn't come close to competing with best-selling fair foods such as corn dogs (a half million are eaten), cheese curds (2.6 million), and mini doughnuts (338,000). According to Jan Bajuniemi, who has been on the Hamline dining hall committee for 20

Top row, from left: competing cakes at the Minnesota fair; corn dogs (see page 36 for a recipe); a meatball sundae. Second row: a fairgoer enjoys an apple dumpling á la mode; pickled beets; a server at a church dining hall. Third row: competition cured meats; miniature doughnuts; Swedish coffee. Fourth row: a volunteer; chili (see page 36 for a recipe); Salem Lutheran dining hall. Fifth row: french fries; corn vendors; the fairgrounds.

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years and points out that several volunteers have been awarded for a half-century of service: "It's mostly the veteran visitors who come for our meals. Newcomers want the novelties."

A state fair is all about the prizes—for fat livestock, excellent horsemanship, perfectly spherical tomatoes, crop art (we particularly enjoyed a map of the Americas made entirely of different colored beans), and, of course, kitchen skills. The Minnesota Fair's Creative Activities building is devoted to the display of winners and contestants in all kinds of culinary arts, from baking to canning. Glass cases are filled with row upon row, shelf after shelf of cooks' best efforts, the blue, red, and white ribbon winners lined up with dozens of examples that didn't take a prize. Judges make their decisions before the fair begins so that ribbon winners arc on display from opening day. Each cake has had its tasting slice removed. Jellies, pickles, and relishes are shown in sealed jars. For all there is to eat around the fairgrounds, it is strange indeed to gaze upon so much beautiful food that cannot be consumed.

It makes some sense for the foods to be displayed like objets d'art. Beauty earns blue ribbons. Last year, Barb Schaller entered the maximum allowable entries in canning categories-20-and took home seven blue ribbons and six red; she seems to be gunning for the all-time record for canning victories. ("I am a ribbon slut!" she loves to say.) She insists the competition is not simply a recipe contest. "Its purpose is to determine how well you do it, and that includes much more than how it tastes."

The all-time Minnesota State Fair baking champ, Marjorie Johnson, has been banned from cake and cookie competitions because she published a book, The Road to Blue Ribbon Baking (Beaver's Pond Press, 2007), thus nullifying her amateur status. But over in the bee department of the agriculture building, in contests that judge recipes made with honey, Johnson still is welcome to compete, and took blue ribbons last year for her honey bars and cinnamon raisin bread. Johnson's tiny, fragile-boned frame belies her hearty personality and huge reputation among Minnesota's baking class. As we chatted, so many passersby wanted to take a picture with her that serious gridlock ensued.

One other place where it becomes literally impossible to move during the fair is inside the dairy building, in the vicinity of the butter sculpture. Even more than the Miracle of Birth Center, where people coo over the sight of baby animals coming into the world, the butter sculpture exhibition elicits cries of

A state fair is all about the prizes: for fat livestock, excellent horsemanship, perfect tomatoes, and, of course, kitchen skills

unabashed joy and wonder. Sculpted butter has been a feature of dairy-state fairs since before refrigeration (when it was kept in icehouses), but what makes Minnesota's exhibit so mesmerizing is that visitors watch the sculptor, Linda Christensen, at work. For the past 40 years, Christenson has sculpted busts of Minnesota's regional dairy princesses in a glasswalled, 40-degree studio that slowly rotates so spectators outside can see the princess and the sculptor as well as the butter heads that already have been sculpted. It takes six to eight hours to create each bust—one per day.

The heads are all-butter—not butter affixed to a wire frame, as is the case with hutter sculpture in certain other states' fairs. Nor is this some sort of specially textured sculpting butter. It is Grade-A edible. When the fair is over, each of the princesses is given her bust. Some have kept their heads in a freezer for years, even decades. But dairy princesses, being civic-minded sorts, usually share their likeness. When Emily Krekelberg of LeSueur County was sitting for her sculpture, she said that she planned to donate her head to her church for a community corn roast.

Six Fairs Worth the Trip

1. Iowa State Fair (August 9-19; iowastatefair.org) Inspiration for the Phil Stong novel State Fair, which was made into Rodgers & Hainmerstein movie musicals in 1945 and 1962, the blowout in Des Moines is everything a heartland fair should be. Hogs



rule: Visit the Swine Barn, then go to the Pork Producers tent for a pork chop-not a regular pork chop, but an Iowa pork chop, meaning it is thicker and sweeter and so tender

that a plastic knife slides right

through with ease.

2. The Great New York State Fair (August 23-September 3; nysfair.org) Yes, there is a full roster of fried Orcos and snow cones (pictured, at right), just like at any worthy devil-maycare fair, but this rural upstate event fcatures a unique dish that is neither fried nor sugary. Cornell Chicken, introduced here in the 1950s by the late Professor Robert Baker (inventor of chicken nuggets), is bathed with an eggy marinade and cooked over coals until the outside is a caramel glaze: ideal al fresco summer fare.

3. Puyallup Fair (September 7-23; thefair.com) Puyallup (pronounced pew-al-up) is a small city in Washington State, but its fair (pictured, at right, during a sheep-riding competition) is huge, one of the 10 biggest in the nation. Since 1915, the essential snack has been a scone served almost too hot to handle loaded with butter melting into the soft biscuit and around a dollop of raspberry jam. More than a million are served each year.

4. Eastern States Exposition (September 14-30; thebige .com) Held in Massachusetts, this is the big end-of-summer party for all of New England. The "Big E" features all kinds of concessions (a Mexican food vendor is pictured, at left), but it is best known for its cream puff. Made while you watch and served fresh and fragile, it is the



size of a softball, sliced horizontally and piled with fluffy white filling that is lighter than custard but thicker than whipped cream. The Big Emenurecently was enhanced by the addition of the Craz-E Burger, a bacon cheeseburger sandwiched in a doughnut rather than a bun.



5. State Fair of Texas (September 28-October 21; bigtex .com) This three-week extravaganza, one of the nation's largest, has dubbed itself "the Fried Food Capital of Texas" for such innovations as fried beer. fried latte, fried salsa, and fried bubble gum, On a (slightly) more serious note, the State Fair of Texas claims to be the original home of the corn dog, here known as a Fletcher's Corny Dog, first served in 1942.

6.Arizona Exposition and State Fair (October 12-November4; azstatefair.com) Bringa healthy appetite to the Arizona Fair and you will be rewarded by getting a jumbo Mexican funnel cake topped with strawberries and whipped cream for free-if you eat all five pounds of it in 30 minutes. On a smaller scale, there are little chocolatedipped scorpions and skewered crickets. The prettiest (and most delicious) food at the Arizona Fair-which started in 1884, when Arizona was still a territory-is a hunk of tempuracrusted, flash-friedwatermelon drizzled with strawberry syrup. -J.S. and M.S.



Corn Dogs

SERVES 8

Spiked with cayenne and flavored with tangy buttermilk, this batter stands up to the robust weiners within (pictured on page 32).

- cup flour
- cup yellow cornmeal
- tbsp. sugar
- tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. baking soda
- tsp. dry mustard
- tsp. cayenne
- tsp. kosher salt
- 3/4 cup milk
- ¼ cup buttermilk
- egg, lightly beaten Canola oil, for frying
- 6" hot dogs Prepared yellow mustard, for serving
- 1 In a large bowl, whisk together flour, cornmeal, sugar, haking powder and soda, dry mustard, cayenne, and salt. Add milk, buttermilk, and egg, and whisk until smooth; set batter aside. Pour oil to a depth of 2" into an 8-qt. Dutch oven and heat over medium-high heat until a deep-fry thermometer reads 350°. Skewer 1 hot dog with a wooden skewer, and dip into batter; fry until golden brown, about 3 minutes. Using tongs, transfer corn dog to paper towels to drain; repeat with remaining hot dogs and batter. While hot, brush corn dogs with mustard, if you like.

Ham Loaf SERVES 8

A signature dish at the Hamline United Methodist Church's dining hall at the Minnesota State Fair, this rendition of meat loaf (pictured on page 31) uses ground ham spiked with curry

powder, ginger, and cloves, glazed with a sweet, vinegar-based sauce.

- I lb. cured ham, finely chopped
- cup plain bread crumbs
- cup buttermilk
- 31/2 tbsp. Dijon mustard
 - tsp. ground sage
- 1/2 tsp. curry powder
- tsp. ground allspice
- ½ tsp. ground ginger
- ¼ tsp. ground cloves
- 3 eggs, lightly beaten
- small yellow onion, minced Kosher salt and black pepper, to taste
- 1/2 cup packed dark brown sugar
- tbsp. apple cider vinegar

Heat oven to 325°. Place ham, hread crumbs, huttermilk, 2 thsp. mustatd, sage, curry, allspice, ginger, cloves, eggs, onion, and salt and pepper in a bowl, and mix until well-combined. Transfer to a parchment paper-lined 8" x 5" loaf pan; smooth top. Heat temaining mustard, sugar, and vinegar in a 1-qt. saucepan over medium-high heat until sugar dissolves. Pour half the glaze over ham loaf; bake until loaf is cooked through, about 50 minutes. Let cool for 10 minutes, then remove from pan; drizzle with remaining glaze before serving.

Peach Melba Pie

SERVES 8

The classic combination of peach and raspberry won Minnesotan Jean Peno a blue ribbon for her scrumptious pie (pictuted at left).

FOR THE CRUST:

- 3 cups flour
- tbsp. sugar
- 11/2 tsp. kosher salt
 - 1 cup plus 2 tbsp. vegetable shortening, cubed and chilled
 - tbsp. unsalted butter, cubed and chilled
 - tbsp. apple cider vinegar
- egg, lightly beaten

FOR THE FILLING:

- 3 cup sugar, plus more for sprinkling
 - 1/3 cup flour
 - ¼ cup packed light brown sugar
 - tbsp. fresh lemon juice
 - tbsp. peach schnapps
 - tsp. vanilla extract
 - tsp. cinnamon
 - tsp. ground ginger
 - tsp. kosher salt
- ¼ tsp. freshly grated nutmeg
- large peaches (about 13/4 lb.), peeled and cut into 1/2"-thick slices

- 1 cup mashed fresh raspberries
- 4 tbsp. unsalted butter, cubed
- 1 Make the crust: Whisk together flour, sugar, and salt in a large bowl; add shortening and butter, and rub them into the flour until pea-size crumbles form. Make a well in center of flour mixture; add vinegar, egg, and 6 tbsp. ice-cold water. Using a fotk, stir until dough forms. Transfer to a lightly floured surface and knead to combine; form dough into a ball; halve, and form each half into a disk. Wrap disks in plastic wrap; refrigerate for 1 hour.
- 2 Make the filling: In a large bowl, toss together sugar, flout, brown sugar, juice, schnapps, vanilla, cinnamon, ginger, salt, nutmeg, and peaches; set aside. Heat oven to 425°. Roll one dough disk into a 12" circle; fit into a 9" pie plate. Pour half the filling into pie shell and cover with raspberries. Pour in remaining peach filling, and then dot filling with hutter. Roll the remaining dough disk into a 12" circle, place over filling, and trim dough, leaving a 1/2" overhang. Lift edges and fold under to form a thick rim around the pie. Cut 4 slits in top of pie crust, and sprinkle with more sugar. Bake until golden brown and filling is bubbling in the center, about 45 minutes. Let cool for about 20 minutes before serving.

State Fair Chili

SERVES 8

This hearty chili (pictured on page 32) is a Minnesota State Fair staple, spiked with chile powder and paprika.

- cup canola oil
- medium yellow onion, finely chopped
- rib celery, finely chopped
- lb. ground beef
- cup chile powder
- tbsp. tomato paste
- tbsp. paprika
- tsp. kosher salt, plus more to taste
- cloves garlic, finely chopped
- 28-oz. cans whole, peeled tomatoes, crushed by hand
- 2 15-oz. cans kidney beans, drained Freshly ground black pepper, to taste

Heat oil in a 6-qt. saucepan over medium-high heat. Add onion and celery, and cook until soft, about 6 minutes. Add beef, and cook, stirring, until browned, about 25 minutes. Add chile powder, tomato paste, paprika, salt, and garlic, and cook, stirring, until browned, about 2 minutes. Add tomatoes, and bring to a boil; reduce heat to medium-low and cook, stirring often, for 1 hour. Add beans, and cook, until thickened, about 30 minutes. Season chili with salt and pepper.







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DRINK



Northern Renaissance

A new generation is tapping into Belgium's artisan beer-making tradition

BY BETSY ANDREWS

pparently, I needed guidance. It was late on my first night in Flanders, Belgium's Dutch-speaking northern region. Gothic spires punctured the clouds over the city of Antwerp. I had dined at De Groote Witte Arend, a restaurant that specializes in dishes cooked with and paired with beers. I was full and drowsy. But having heard that a bar called Bierhuis Kulminator had perhaps the world's greatest stash of rare Belgian beers, I had ventured there for a nightcap. Intimidated by the shelves packed with corked bottles, I stared, at a loss, at the tomelike beer list. An older gentleman sitting at the bar pointed at his glass.

"Fresh, fresh! You must drink your beer fresh from the keg!" It was a warm spring night, but he ordered me a Christmas draft—a Bush de Noël from Brasserie Dubuisson, at 243 years old the most ancient brew-

ery in Wallonia, the French-speaking part of Belgium. Rich as molasses but offset by brisk spice, it was far too drinkable at 12.5 percent alcohol. "It will help you sleep," the white-haired chap said. "Op uw gezondheid." To your health.

"We are Burgundian," he added, referring to the era when the Dukes of Burgundy ruled Belgium, in the 14th and 15th centuries, ushering in prosperity and high culture. "That's why we like fine things."

It was not the only time someone would say this to me over a beer in Belgium. In a work of quaffing my ways agrees Elements and Brussels. In

It was not the only time someone would say this to me over a beer in Belgium. In a week of quaffing my way across Flanders and Brussels, I would come to understand that Belgians prize refinement. Like many

Manager Rudi Ghequire with beer casks at Belgium's Brouwerij Rodenbach.

people, I once thought of Belgian beer as heavy and sweet. And there was a time not too long ago when commercialization had led to homogenization. But for the bulk of its history, and again today, Belgian brewing has been a many-splendored art. In its myriad styles, from light wheat beers and sour ales to malt-rich dubbels and tripels, true Belgian beer is a beautifully balanced drink. Never too sweet or too bitter, too thick or too crisp, but exhibiting all of those qualities in measured amounts. So much flavor, yet so much elegance. For me, it was a delicious education.

From what brewers and beer lovers told me, I had happened upon the country at the best time in over half a century to experience this balance. After decades dominated by industrial lagers and treacly ales, Belgium is returning to basics, with a reinvigorated interest in local artisanal beer. New brewers are making it, and young drinkers are expressing newfound curiosity about this bona fide national treasure.

IN DECEMBER 2011—THE LAST TIME Zythos, Belgium's association of beer consumers, counted—there were 146 breweries here. That's more breweries per capita than anywhere else on earth. Beer's raw materials, which can include barley, wheat, and other grains, thrive in chilly Belgium. Farmers and monks have brewed here for centuries, and in the bustling towns of the Burgundian era, heer making thrived. In 1847,

economist John Ramsay McCulloch reported of Belgium, "Beer is the common beverage of all classes." It is so much a part of the culture that, up until the 1980s when soft drinks replaced it, children drank low-alcohol beer in school.

Given Belgian history, you can't blame folks for wanting to unwind with an ale. "If you're invaded as much as they are, and have so many neighbors doing the same thing as you—I mean, there are many breweries in this small country—you do two things," Wendy Littlefield, an American importer, explained as we drove through Dendermonde, a city with a typical Flemish past: It was sacked by the Spanish in 1572, sacked by the French and British a century later, and bombed during World War I. "You keep your own counsel, and you don't get too competitive."

History, in other words, has made Belgians risk averse. When they find a good thing, they stick with it, quietly polishing its potential. There are hundreds of different beers made in Belgium. Many of these share basic characteristics, and can be categorized for labelling and marketing purposes. But as one brewer told me, "Belgians don't ask about style. It's not in our culture. People focus on taste."

Independent-minded and anti-categorical, Belgians have evolved a particular approach to brewing. In *The Oxford Companion to Beer*, author Garrett Oliver says of the country, "Many hrewers seem to be radical

Belgian Flavors Belgian ales are full flavored and complex. Rich, dark dubbels, or "doubles," are named for their copious malts, which lend them potency. Even stronger are golden tripels. Like dubbels, these are abbey beers, originally brewed by monks. On the bitter side are Belgian strong ales, potent versions of hoppy pale ales. Flanders' wine-like, sour red ales are cask-aged. So are Brussels' tart, funky lambics, and blended lambics, called gueuzes, fermented with wild yeasts they contain wheat and malted barley. Wheat is also used in witbier, or white beer, a light, often spiced, brew. Wallonia's dry, fruity saisons are named after the French word for "scason," a reference to the winter brewing and summer imbibing of these farmhouse ales.

Duvel Golden Ale is

juicy, yeasty, hoppy, and potent—an exemplary Belgian strong ale—but with a pale huc, brilliant white head, and crispness that make it seem lighter than it is.

Westmalle Dub-

bel. a dark, delectable, malty beer from one of Belgium's oldest Trappist breweries, yields notes of raisins, nuts, fudge, and anise, resolving in a roasty dryness.

Armand'4 Oude

Geuze Lente, 3 Fonteinen's creamy springtime lambic blend, smells of citrus and barnyard, and its kumquat acidity primes the palate for dining.

Alvinne Balthazar,

from a newer beer maker, is a strong ale brewed with coriander, cardamom, and ginger, which add a bittersweet depth to other tastes: smoke, tang, and licorice.

Saison Dupont Vieille Provision is

a classic Wallonian farmhouse ale, with rich malt aroma and creamy texture balanced by pineapple, white pepper, and a dry, hoppy finish.

De Plukker Keikoppenbier, a

blonde ale, is fruity and refreshing, with a gently bitter, floral finish from organic hops grown by its farmstead brewer.»













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Download the VELUX Skylight Planner app at the App Store or Android Market to see the drama a skylight can bring to your space. and conservative at once, unwilling to try anything new, yet still creating beers that taste like no one else's."

Littlefield and I had just come from a visit to Anne-Cathérine Dilewyns, at 25 years old Belgium's youngest brewery owner. With its brand-new, Italian-made equipment set in a glass-fronted warehouse surrounded by auto dealerships, the year-old Brouwerij Dilewyns doesn't look traditional. But Dilewyns is not an upstart; hers is a family trade. Her great-great-great-great-grandmother founded a brewery that ran until the Second World War, when the Germans swiped her copper kettles. The quality of Dilewyns' beer, expressed in the roasty depth and subtle astringency of her flagship ale, Vicaris Generaal, comes from traditional Flemish brewing techniques. Dilewyns does not filter, a practice used widely in other countries to achieve clarity, stability, and consistency. The turbidity of her beers comes from the rich organic matter—yeast, hops, and other flavor components—from which they're made.

Dilewyns threw open the door to the brewery's warm room, releasing a rush of hot, bready air. We were witnessing another great Belgian technique: bottle conditioning. Beer is a fermented drink; it's created by introducing yeast to a wort, a rich liquid made by running hot water over malted grains to release their sugars, on which the yeast feeds. The bubbles in beer are the by-product of the yeast's work. Normally beer is fermented in tanks. But in Belgium, following tank fermentation, new yeast and sugar are added to induce the brew to ferment again in the bottle, yielding silky carbonation and fertile complexity. The warm room felt pregnant; it was teeming with life. Belgium's robust ale

yeasts—aided by balmy fermentation environments—yield spicy, fruity, intricately flavored beers. They're yeasts worth caring for.

"You have a communion because you work with something that is alive. I speak to my yeast, it's true." Yvan De Baets was showing me the unusually wide fermentation tanks he uses at Brussels's Brasserie de la Senne. The tall, narrow tanks at other breweries "put physical pressure on the yeast," he said. "That releases strong aromas."

I figured Baets knew of what he spoke; the beers from his eight-yearold brewing company have incomparable aromas. The night before, I'd eaten at a beer-focused restaurant in Brussels called Restobières. With my steak in mustard-beer sauce I was served a malty Jambe-de-Bois from Brasserie de la Senne that smelled of barley. Now, as Baets poured me his hops-rich Zinnebir pale ale, I told him, "It smells like hashish."

Hops are related to cannabis, Baets pointed out. Hop bitterness is important to this young brewer; it embodies tradition. "We always had bitter flavors in Belgium," he told me. "Hops were used as preservatives. But we nearly lost those flavors in the 1970s, when Belgian beer was almost totally in the hands of big beer companies that made a bland, sweet product everyone would drink. Now, it's changing again. Young people feel they've been manipulated. They hate that. And they're drinking our beer." Being Belgian, he hastened to add, "We make hoppy beers but not extreme beers. The hops are always balanced with malt."

Balance, tradition, and sly innovation: At De Dolle Brouwers, in Esen, these themes coalesced. Here, the craggy-faced Kris Herteleer brews using rustic equipment from the 1920s.

» Oud Beersel Framboise smells and tastes of the fresh raspberries with which this fruit lambic is cask-aged; it's tart, fragrant, and refreshing.

Rodenbach Grand Cru, the grandaddy of Flemish sour ales, is a ruddy brew with a red currant and apple tang offset by sweet, mellow wood; it's great with seafood. De Dolle Oerbier Special Reserva, a strong ale, delivers a complex melange of sherrylike flavors: dried figs and dates, a lovely citric quality, and an oaky potency. Poperings Hommel Ale, from the heart of West Flanders' hops-growing region, smells of fresh-baked dinner rolls but has a zesty, spicy flavor from copious hops. St. Bernardus Abt 12, a dark, strong ale made with plenty of malt, is thick, rich, yet smooth, with a lively effervescence, banana and toffee flavors, and a warm, earthy kicker. De Dolle Arabier announces its hops, but not in a brash way; honey and fruit salad notes add balancing tang and sweetness, which lend this pale ale approachability.















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Fermenting beer bubbled like witch's brew in an old open tank. Everything seemed ancient and creaky. And yet Herteleer's beer is arrestingly novel, polished, and brisk. Reminiscent of Rodenbach the famously wine-like Flemish sour ale from Herteleer's hometown of Roeselare—his Oerbier Special Reserva is wonderfully tart, but made with a complex recipe including seven different malts, it's also rich and creamy, with an edgy bite. At Rodenbach, the beer is aged in wooden casks, some more than 17,000 gallons in volume; here, Herteleer uses old Bordeaux wine casks. "We are traditional," he told me. "But we don't make beer like they did 100 years ago. We have two labs to control everything. And we bet on the quality of our ingredients."

Ingredients are top-of-mind for Joris Cambie, too. Perhaps Belgium's newest brewer, Cambie is the co-owner of Brouwerij De

Plukker. He's also an organic farmer, in the hops-growing region near the French border. (The name of his brewery means "the picker.") It was March when I visited him. Sixmeter poles strung with wires rose from his fields like the rigging of tall ships. They were the frames that his hop vines would climb on, erupting with green blossoms and filling the air with their herbal aroma by the September harvest. Now new shoots were just piercing the dirt. I'd spotted the same bittersweet sprouts on local menus. I had eaten them with sole à la viennoise in a wheat beer sabayon at a restaurant called Pegasus, in the town of Poperinge. In Monks bottle beer at Belgium's abbey of Saint Sixtus of Westvleteren, circa 1935. Watou, at 't Hommelhof, hops

shoots were marinated in hoppy ale and tucked between slices of veal in a Flemish twist on vitello tonnato that swapped the tuna sauce for smoked eel paté.

Cambie led me to a shed where he keeps his tiny beerworks. The month prior, he had released his first batch. The dark-blonde ale, called Keikoppenbier, has a delicate, floral hop finish. "We're in a different climate than Washington State's hops-growing area," Cambie said, offering a comparison he figured his American guest would understand. "Our flowers are softer, milder, and sweeter. We prefer that. I wanted to make a beer that is very drinkable."

Historically, farmers who grew barley and hops brewed beer in winter for their workers to drink in summer. That tradition begat today's thirst-quenching saisons, or farmhouse ales, from Wallonia. In Flanders, though, where saisons are not brewed, Cambie's farmstead beer is unique—and much appreciated. He gestured to pallets of bottles. "All of this is sold already," he said.

Cambie's efforts are the latest indication of a small revolution in Belgian beer. A handful of other new craft breweries—De Dochter van de Korenaar, on the Dutch border, brewer of one of Belgium's only smoked beers; Ghent's Gruut brewpub, whose herb-based beers hark back to medieval styles; Alvinne, where they make liberal use of hops and spices—are turning out fascinating bottles, many of which find their way to this country. America's thirst for these beers

> is, in fact, responsible for much of Belgian brewing's newfound energy. But the enthusiasm is also catching at home, even for the most ancient of styles, lambic-the drink depicted in the paintings of the Flemish old master Pieter Bruegel.

There was a time when the

cider-like lambic-which is fermented in open vessels by specific wild yeasts that thrive only in the vicinity of Brussels-was in danger of extinction. But in the village of Beersel, southwest of Brussels, Armand Debelder of 3 Fonteinen brewery, a longtime lambic producer, had reason to celebrate. He was toasting plans for his 28-year-old protegé, Michael Blancquert, to succeed him. Debelder uncorked a bot-

tle of his 1997 vintage gueuze, a blend of young and old lambics. The hazy apricot-hued beer revealed itself slowly in a few sips. There was a nuttiness to it that recalled an amontillado sherry, and then blonde butterscotch, green apples, and a trace of delicious funkiness that gueuze makers describe as "horse blanket."

"The younger generation is coming to know this type of beer now," Blancquert said. "People want to taste something special."

To that, Debelder raised his glass: "Herman Teirlinck, the late, great Flemish poet, said, 'In our tradition, we also have taste."



3 Fonteinen Herman Teirlinckplein 3, Beersel; 32/2/331-0625 A beloved café for regional dishes like black sausages and guinea fowl cooked with kriek, a cherry lambic.

De Bistronoom Vindictivelaan 22, Oostende; 32/473/734-801: debistronoom.be This coastal bistro serves fare like cod in a citrus-hommelbier sauce, and chocolate-dubbel mousse.

Den Dyver Dijver 5, Bruges; 32/50/336-069; dijver.be Gucuze-marinated mackerel and other creative seasonal dishes are paired with beers. De Groote Witte Arend Reyndersstraat 18, Antwerp; 32/3/233-5033; degrootewittearend .be Rabbit stewed in dubbel and other Flemish

classies are served inside a 16th-century house. Restaurant Malt Graanmarkt 45, Ninove: 32/ 54/246-248; restaurantmalt.be An airy setting for scallop risotto made with local Witkap beer.

Restaurant Pegasus Guido Gezellestraat 7, Poperinge; 32/57/335-725; pegasus recour.be

Belgian pork in a St. Bernardus beer gravy and other locavore dishes.

Restobières Vossenstraat 9, Brussels; 32/2/ 511-5583; restobieres.be A rustic haunt with a huge beer list and traditional dishes like waterzooi, a creamy chicken stew made with witbier.

't Hommelhof Watouplein 17, Watou; 32/57/ 388-024; hommelhof.be This quaint place offers fine fare like ethereal beer-and-cheese soup, and pork belly and truffles in tripel sauce.



Belgium is renowned for its vibrant and diverse beer culture. A rich tradition of culinary invention and improvisation, combined with centuries of brewing passion and expertise, helped craft a stunning variety of beer styles enjoyed around the world.

Leffe Blonde was first brewed in 1240 by the monks of Abbaye de Notre Dame de Leffe in Belgium. A spicy, faintly clove-like aroma is balanced by Leffe's creamy body and restrained dry finish.

Stella Artois' rich brewing heritage dates back to 1366 in Leuven, Belgium, where it was first brewed to celebrate the holiday season. Traditional malted barley and the highest quality European hops give Stella Artois its full flavor and delicately crisp finish.

Hoegaarden is the Original Belgian Wheat Beer, dating back to the 15th Century. A naturally cloudy beer, Hoegaarden features a secret to its refreshing flavor and spicy nose: real Curação orange peel and a dash of coriander.

CLASSIC

Crème de la Crème

The origins of the world's most popular custard dessert

BY GABRIELLA GERSHENSON

STILL REMEMBER THE first time I tasted crème brûlée. I was 17 years old, and my parents had taken my sister and me on our first trip to Paris. We were budget-dining types, but there was one splurge-dinner at Fauchon, the gourmet food emporium, where our meal ended with crème brûlée. What arrived was delicate custard in a shallow fluted casscrole, topped with a sheet of burnt sugar. A firm rap with the back of the spoon and the crust shattered beautifully. Then, the soft custard yielded with almost obscene ease. What sublime contrast: Each bite, crunchy and smooth, toasty and lush, was a revelation.

For as long as I can remember, crème brûlée has been a classic, so I assumed it always had been. I also figured it must be French—the name, after all, is French for "burnt cream." Yet last year, when I met the pastry chef Pierre Hermé, who was the head pâtissier at Fauchon for 11 years, I was surprised to hear him say that he first experienced the dessert not in France, but in New York City, at the legendary restaurant Le Cirque, in the 1980s.

Intrigued, I dug a little deeper and found that the precise origins of the dish are murky. Examples of a similar dessert appeared as far back as the 15th century in England, according to Colin Spencer, author of British Food: An Extraordinary Thousand Years of History (Columbia University Press, 2002). Spencer writes that springtime, when cows were calving and producing an abundance of ultrarich milk, was the season for "burnt cream," a sweetened pudding "topped with sugar that's been burnt with a hot iron." The first printed recipe for a dessert called crème brûlée is from the 1691 edition of the French cookbook Le Cuisinier Royal et Bourgeois, by Francois Massialot, who cooked at Versailles. That versiona sweet custard of egg yolks and milk with a burnt sugar crust—doesn't differ significantly from today's. And then in Spain there is crema catalana, custard topped with caramelized sugar, which dates at least as far back as medieval times.

It's from the Spanish dessert that the owner of Le Cirque, Sirio Maccioni, says he took his inspiration for the crème brûlée that kicked off the current global trend. After an encounter with crema cata-

lana in Spain in the early '80s, Maccioni insisted a version be developed for his menu. The Le Cirque pastry chef at the time, Dieter Schorner, put his own spin on the custard, cooking it in the shallow fluted casscrole. The sugar shell got thinner, too, and the name was Gallicized to fit in at the French restaurant, "When Paul Bocuse visited Sirio Maccioni, he loved it so much that he declared it the best dessert he had eaten that year," Schorner told me. "Then of course it became popular also in France, where it hadn't been popular at all."

Interestingly, crème brûlée has a history in the United States that predates Le Cirque. There are records of Thomas Jefferson serving it at the White House, and recipes for it appeared in cookbooks and magazines all through the 1950s and early '60s. By 1970, though, James Beard lamented in a Los Angeles Times article that "in America we went through a great crème brûlée period a number of years ago and I wish we would again." Barely a decade later, Beard got his wish. Le Cirque's crème brûlée launched a thousand copycats, and it's now a restaurant staple, with variations ranging from fresh mint to pumpkin to foic gras.

Crème brûlée seems like it should be easy to make—simply a mixture of vanilla-infused cream, egg yolks, and sugar, with more sugar on top. But it requires finesse. The difference between a silky custard and a curdled one is only a few degrees overcooked eggs are the bane of the crème brûlée cook—but there are several safeguards one can take. Cooking it gently in a water bath, whose temperature never exceeds 212 degrees, ensures the right smooth and luscious texture. Once the custard has set, it should be thoroughly chilled to protect against further cooking during carainelization. The preferred tool is a blowtorch, as it melts the sugar quickly without heating the custard underneath it.

In recent years, crème brûlée's popularity has transcended the dessert itself. Now there's crème brûlée ice cream, crème brûlée-flavored coffee, and crème brûlée-covered almonds, not to mention crème brûlée cheesecake, French toast, doughnuts, pancakes, and cupcakes. But I feel that the classic version, when done correctly, is hard to improve upon.

Crème Brûlée

SERVES 6

Invest in an inexpensive handheld blowtorch to melt the sugar for the crust on these baked custards (pictured on facing page); it's an easier and more reliable method than broiling (see page 116 for a source).

- I qt. heavy cream
- vanilla bean, halved lengthwise, seeds scraped and reserved
- cup sugar
- egg yolks Turbinado sugar, for serving
- 1 Heat oven to 300°. Bring cream and vanilla bean with seeds to a simmer in a 2-qt. saucepan over medium-high heat. Remove from heat and let sit for 30 minutes; discard vanilla bean. In a bowl, whisk sugar and yolks until smooth. Slowly pour in cream mixture, whisking until smooth; set aside.
- 2 Place a paper towel in the bottom of a 9" x 13" baking pan, and place six 6-oz. ramekins inside pan. Divide custard among ramekins. Pour boiling water into pan to come halfway up outsides of ramekins. Bake until custards are set but still slightly loose in center, about 35 minutes, 'Transfer ramekins to a wire rack: cool. Chill until firm, at least 4 hours.
- 3 Dab any condensation off surface of custards

 Sprinkle turbinado sugar evenly over surface of each custard. Guide the flame of a blowtorch back and forth flame of a blowtorch back and forth sugar caramelizes;



SOURCE



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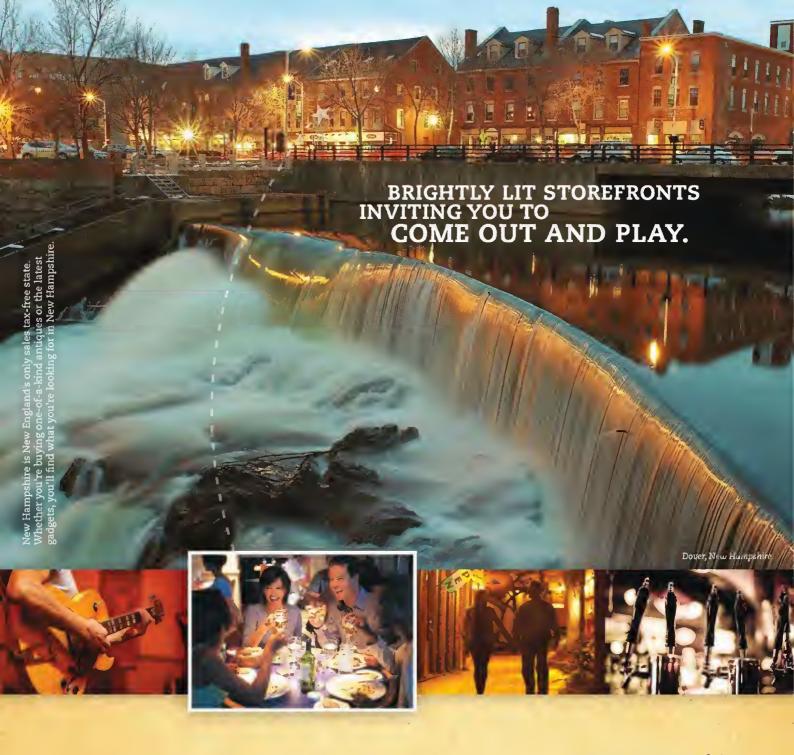
BY ANNA STOCKWELL

REMEMBER MY GRANDMA best with a cold glass of gin and tonic in her hand. One sip of that bittersweet fizz (she'd make mine a virgin, with a twist of lime) and I'm transported back to summers on her porch. True, tonic water is just sweetened seltzer spiked with quinine, a compound isolated from the bark of the tropical cinchona tree, native to South America. Yet there's something about it that I've always found supremely satisfying, whether on its own or mixed with liquor. I make sure there's always a bottle in my fridge, in case the mood strikes.

Despite my abiding love for the stuff, I must admit, tonic water can be problematic. For one, I can never seem to finish a liter before it goes flat. What's more, most mass-market tonic waters contain sketchy ingredients, like high fructose corn syrup and sodium benzoate, that are unworthy of the great gins I blend them with. If I buy those tiny glass bottles of fancy tonic instead, they cost me a pretty penny.

Recently, though, a friend gave me a bottle of John's Premium Tonic Syrup. It's a concentrate that I can mix into drinks at my discretion. The ingredients—real cinchona bark, fresh citrus juices (orange, lemon, and lime), lemongrass, organic agave nectar, plus "secret" herbs and spices—are alluringly pure. The color is a natural amber (it's made with actual bark instead of quinine, the colorless isolate found in most tonic waters); when mixed with seltzer, the drink looks like unfiltered ale, yet tastes like the essence of tonic: bracing quinine complemented by fragrant citrus, with a subtle balanced sweetness.

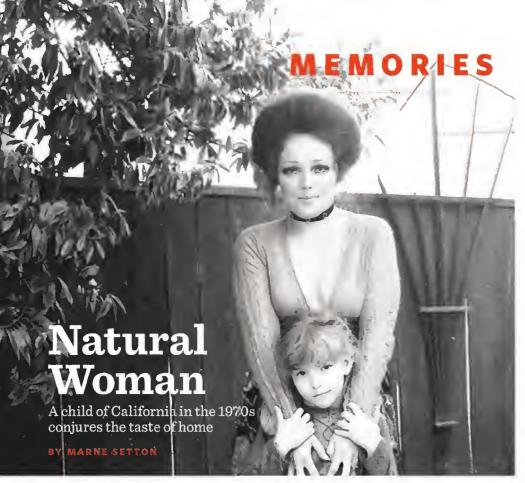
Created in 2008 by John Cavanagh for Tuck Shop, the restaurant he manages in Phoenix, Arizona, he now sells the handmade elixir online. "When customers in England tell me they like it, I think, 'Wow, you guys invented tonic!" says Cavanagh. "Then I know that it's good." In addition to making the most refreshing gin and tonic, the syrup stands in for vermouth in a brisk martini, helps transform whiskey into the most summery old-fashioned when used in place of bitters, and is delicious with sparkling water and grapefruit 4-ounce bottle of John's Premium Tonic Syrup costs \$6.99. To order, visit johnstonic.com.



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HE DAY I LEFT HOME, MY mother put her copy of Frances Moore Lappé's Diet for a Small Planet in my hands. "This will guide you," she said. The laser beam of her loving attention had always been focused squarely on me, her only child-my father never was in the picture—and the most consistent expression of that love was the pointedly nutrient-rich food I ate throughout my childhood in the 1970s. Consistency, it should be noted, was sort of an issue. Mom and I moved around a lot; I was forever the new kid at school. And there were definitely times when I wondered, "Isn't it enough that I'm the one who wears the homemade clothes? Do I have to have alfalfa sprouts on my sandwich, too?"

As an adult I've made different choices from the ones my mother made. I've lived on the opposite coast for 16 years, 11 of them in the same house, I got married and stayed that way for two decades. And yet to this day my diet is defined by dishes like Mom's mjeddrah, a brown ricelentil pilaf that is, I've heard myself telling anyone who will listen, an excellent source of complete protein, with all the essential amino acids.

To understand why, we'd hetter begin at the beginning. I was born in Southern California in the late 1960s, a flower child's child whose days were filled with sunshine and Beatles songs. My mother was barely an adult herself when I was born, and so we grew up together. An artist by temperament, she could never quite settle on a medium; I was, I realized early on, her proudest creation, and that realization carried with it a certain amount of stress. As we both struggled to define ourselves, our dependence on each other was intense. "I love you this much," Mom would say with arms outstretched. "I love you three times around the world and four times around God," I'd reply.

The author and her mother, Michele Hausman, photographed in 1972.

In 1971, Lappé published her seminal guide to plant-centered eating, and Mom took it very much to heart, along with the mantras of macrobiotics and complete proteins, and the nutritionist Adelle Davis's warnings regarding the evils of processed foods. She was tapping into the zeitgeist, but she was also building on a foundation provided by her own mother, a Christian Scientist and native Californian who regularly administered doses of brewer's yeast.

Mom made wonderful, earnest meals for the two of us with the foods she found at Lindberg Nutrition, a health food store tucked into a bleached-out, treeless strip mall at the corner of Crenshaw and Martin Luther King Boulevards in South Central Los Angeles. We were there most Saturday mornings, wandering the aisles together, Mom reading aloud to me from the backs of packages as our basket filled up with bags of buckwheat groats, dense loaves of whole

wheat bread, nut butters, amber bottles of Chinese herbs, and unpasteurized cottage cheese. "You can have any cereal you want," she'd pronounce magnanimously in the cereal aisle, "as long as it has 100 percent of your daily vitamin and nutrient requirements."

Lindberg's was utterly unlike the supermarkets of the era. It smelled weird—a complex funk born of fermentation and herbal supplements. Looking back, it had all the visual appeal of a Soviet-era apartment block, uniformly colorless as it was. But I loved the place. I loved it for the honey-glazed sesame crackers, and for the relaxed trips there discovering new foods at my mother's side. At home in our avocado green kitchen, the results of Mom's experiments were mostly delicious. I happily devoured the oatmeal pancakes she came up with and the creamy yogurt her Salton yogurt maker produced. But I also recall a hatch of popovers that were an epic fail; wheat germ, it turns out, can't he shoehorned into just anything. It was Davis who set Mom on her mission to feed us more protein. The year I was in first grade, that meant lots of shakes. She'd play with the proportions of protein powder, raw egg, fruit juice, and bananas until the mass had a pourable consistency. And of course there was that complete-protein mjeddrah, as colorless as the interior of Lindberg's, and just as comforting. Over time, the knowledge that my friends at school didn't eat this way became a point of pride. What set us apart was what made us a family.

Now a resident of New York City, I probably laugh harder than most at the scene in Annie Hall where Woody Allen abjectly orders "alfalfa sprouts and a plate of mashed yeast" at an LA restaurant. But I remain deeply grateful for those trips to Lindberg's. Health food is the food of my people. It is my red sauce, my Sunday pot roast. It's the food I seek out to feel close to California and to my mother. I miss both more than I can say.



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- The Tasting Panel











T DAYBREAK, I'M STANDING ON the deck of a small passenger ferry heading down a branch of the Amazon river, in northeast Brazil. On the nearby banks there is jungle; dense, lush walls of green interrupted only by the occasional handful of wood huts. The water is brown, the air sultry. We're not far from the sea, and a hint of its brine follows us, mingling with the scents of earth and vegetation. I'm hot and exhausted and immensely happy. A Leave it to me to fall in love with a place that's so hard to get to: The journey to the island of

Marajó has taken two days. So far it has involved a cross-country flight from my home in São Paulo to the Amazon port city of Belém, a predawn taxi ride to the ferry docks, and, now, a slow three-hour cruise down the river. Yet to come, there is a long drive through the jungle, followed by a hop across another river by barge before I reach my destination on the island.

Marajó is in every way extreme. The island—the largest surrounded by freshwater anywhere in the world—is as big as Switzerland. It sits where the Amazon pours into the Atlantic Ocean, and on any given day, the fishermen might pull saltwater or freshwater species from water that can be sweet or saline, depending on the time and the tides. Even the landscape is fickle. Seasonal flooding covers half the island in shallow lakes for five months of the year, but Marajoarans adapt. Water buffalo swim, and people ride the water buffalo, or make their way by raft and canoe. Few Brazilians know anything about this place; more of my countrymen have probably been to Orlando, Florida. Every visit here turns everything I think I know about Brazil on its head. I find it incredibly exciting.

It has been more than 15 years since the first time I traveled to Marajó, at the invitation of my friend Katia; her parents, Jerônima and Raimundo Cordeiro de Brito, hosted us at their home, a ranch and nature preserve outside the town of Soure on the eastern side of the island. To me, a denizen of bustling, cosmopolitan São Paulo, Marajó was paradise. That first visit lives in my memory as a mosaic of ingredients and meals: dozens of tropical fruits I'd never heard of, myriad dishes made from the meat and milk of the water buffalo that roam the island, river fish grilled with wild herbs, sweet freshwater shrimp steamed in their shells. Here was food that was elemental, ingredient-focused, intense, with kaleidoscopic flavors unlike any I'd encountered in Brazil's other regional cuisines. Since that first visit, I have returned many times over the years, always hungry for more.

When the ferry disgorges us at a tiny village on the bank of the

river, I'm greeted by Oseas de Cristo Moraes, a taxi driver and friend of the Britos' who is driving me to their home. I slide into the backseat, and we set out along a winding road through a densely forested, paneake-flat landscape. A couple of hours later, we turn onto a long dirt path. The car slows to a crawl, and I'm suddenly aware of the sound of the forest, ringing with birdsong. A clearing opens, and in the heart of it, there's a familiar collection of single-story wooden buildings which make up the ranch. Inside one of them, I find the Britos making lunch.

Jerônima Brito, a strong and agile 73-year-old known to everyone as Dona (Mrs.) Jerônima, greets us warmly. Her sister, Angela, brings out a basket of soft, sweet palm fruits called *inajás* to snack on while they continue cooking. I sit down and take it all in. The kitchen is open on all sides, encircled by forest and grassy fields, with a little yard where herbs—*alfavaca* (a kind of basil), cilantro and its long-leafed cousin, culantro—and vegetables grow. The surrounding trees are thick with shaggy red annatto pods, with papaya and guava, with more kinds of palm fruit than I can name. Chickens seratch and peek in the yard, and water buffalo and horses wander freely in the fields beyond.

It's time to eat when slices of *filhote*—a giant freshwater eatfish that can reach 500 pounds—emerge from the woodburning stove wrapped in banana leaves. The fish is served with a delicious sauce of fresh herbs, tomatoes, garlie, and shrimp, and garnished with sweet plantains. Dona Jerônima sets it out on the table along with rice and stewed red beans, pickled chiles, a salad of just-picked lettuces and tomatoes, and pitchers of juices: pineapple, papaya, and sweet, milkywhite soursop. Here, too, is yellow *farinha d'agua*—a coarse meal of fermented, toasted, ground cassava—that's on the table at virtually every meal here. We mix a handful into the rice and beans and savor

From top: Dona Jerônima (left) and her sister, Angela, prepare a meal in their open-air kitchen; baião-de-dois ("ballad-of-two"), a dish of rice and black-eyed peas (see page 64 for a recipe). Previous pages: Luciano Lima holds a tray of just-baked rolls at a bakery in the village of Pesqueiro, near Soure.

NEIDE RIGO is the author of the blog Come-se.blogspot.com. This is her first article for SAVEUR.







DISHES SPEAK TO THE BOUNTY OF MARAJÓ'S RIVERS AND RANCHES: STUFFED CRABS STREWN WITH BUTTER-FRIED CASSAVA FLOUR; BUFFALO STEAK TOPPED WITH FRESH BUFFALO MILK

its nutty flavor and assertive crunch. For dessert, there are sliced fresh pineapples and papayas, both plucked from the yard. We eat at a big table outside, on a porch shaded by cashew trees. Fresh fish, wood smoke, banana leaves, the smell of the water and forest nearby: It's a perfect synthesis of Marajó. I feel welcome, part of this place. Immediately after lunch, I fall asleep, full, and content.

MY DAYS ON the island quickly take on a regular, relaxed rhythm. I stay with the Britos, sleeping in a simple guest room. Some days I spend in the kitchen, where Dona Jerônima is joined by a team of able cooks: Angela, and two men, Nonato Azevedo and Adilson Barbosa Cruz, who help to prepare, always from scratch, the many

components of each meal. The ranch doubles as a bed and breakfast, and workers and guests often join us at the table. Other days, I accompany Senhor Brito on his errands around the ranch. One day-is it Wednesday, Thursday? I have a hard time keeping track of the days here—I go crabbing in the deep, dark stands of mangroves that grow in salty swamps near the shore, and swim afterward at the nearby beach. I climb trees to help harvest fruit, and sometimes venture into nearby Soure, a tidy little town of hrightly painted wood houses, to shop at the fish market or to visit friends of the Britos.

Invariably, such visits hecome meals. On this part of the island, fishing and cattle ranching drive the local economy, and my hosts pull together extravagant dishes that speak to the bounty of Marajó's rivers or ranches, or hoth: casquinha de caranguejo, stuffed crabs strewn with butter-fried cassava flour; filé Marajoara, ineltingly tender fillets of buffalo steak seared in a skillet and topped with slabs of queijo do Marajó, sweet, soft buffalo milk cheese that melt luxuriously over the meat; sombremesa de banana com queijo, a layered, luscious dessert of sliced banana and queijo do Marajó drenched in sweetened condensed milk and sprinkled with cinnamon. The Amazon forest harbors ingredients that just don't exist elsewhere in Brazil, and I savor the impossible-seeming flavors that the island gives in abundance. There's a tree, cipó-d'álho (garlic bush), growing outside

Filé Marajoara, buffalo steak with melted buffalo milk cheese, with a side of fresh fried potato chips. (See page 64 for a recipe.)

of the Britos' kitchen that smells of garlic and, interestingly, bacon; the leaves bring a smoky-savory depth to everything from soups to grilled foods. Another morning, at the market in Soure, I'm served a bowl of pork stew that's heen simmered with aromatics and jambú, a wild cress that gently, pleasantly numbs the mouth in much the same way that Sichuan peppercorn does. I eat it with rice and beans, noting its layers upon layers of flavor. The tingling sensation of the jambú stays with me after I've drained the bowl.

Every one of these meals is layered with history. The bones of the cuisine—the fresh and dried fish, the palm fruits, and cassava—have been used here for millennia; they were as essential to the ancient indigenous Marajoarans as they are to their present-day descendants.

> The beef and dairy were introduced by the Dutch, French, and Portuguese colonizers who brought cattle-and with them, African slaves to work the ranches—to the island in the 17th century. Today, Marajó and its cooking are at their core multivalent, polyglot, and multicultural in the truest sense, the result of 400-odd years of intermarriage among Europeans, Africans, and native Brazilians. It's a mix that pervades almost every meal here. The juxtaposition of all these different cultures and ingredients is constant, sometimes even in the same moment, sometimes in the same meal.



I return to the Britos' ranch one day to find Dona Jerônima, Angela, Nonato, and Adilson putting the finishing touches on an expansive lunch. The main event—a dish reserved for festive occasions—is the quintessentially Marajoaran camusclim, a layered dish of pasta, shrimp, béchamel sauce, and buffalo milk cheese, baked until gooey within and golden on top. Served alongside it is the lyrically named baião-de-dois ("ballad-of-two"), a dish served throughout northern Brazil made with sausage, air-dried beef, rice, and black-eyed peas. But I am especially pleased to receive a bowl full of pulverized açai, a dark purple palm fruit native to this part of the Amazon, eaten on this island in just this way for millennia. Sprinkled on top are white grains of puffed cassava flour, and we dip in bites of pan-fried yellow hake. Fresh açai has no equivalent in the world. With my eyes closed I savor its flavor, which I can compare to only that of good, fruity, freshly extracted olive oil. Lately dubbed a "superfood" due to its high antioxidant con- (continued on page 62)









WE EAT THE SHRIMP RIGHT OUT OF THE POT; THEY'RE SWEET, FIRM, AND PINK, AND THEY SMELL AMAZING—THE ESSENCE OF THE SEA

(continued from page 59) tent, açai has become trendy throughout Brazil and in the world beyond; in São Paulo, it's served with sugar, sweetened condensed milk, fruit, and granola. But on Marajó, eating açai with anything other than fish or shrimp and cassava flour is heresy. Why dilute the pure flavor of this perfect food?

One day, I walk with Oseas up to the village of Pesqueiro, about three miles from the ranch. It's home to around 300 families of fishermen. It is late afternoon when we arrive, and the small village, just above the tide line, is bathed in golden light. This place seems frozen in time. Children play among the small wood huts that are raised on stilts and decorated with geometric patterns, like those emblazoned on native Marajoaran pottery for centuries before Europeans set foot here. At the shoreline, men check their nets, and groups of women head home with full shrimp- and crab-traps in hand. Oseas asks one woman what she'll be making with her catch, and by way of explanation, she invites us to follow her and see.

Her name is Suzanne Trindade Gaia, and her small house is full of happy children. "I'm making *abafadinho* [steamed shrimp]," she explains. She washes the prawns twice to rid them of sand, dresses them in lime juice and salt, and puts them in a saucepan with half a lime and a leaf of that bacon-scented *cipó-d'álho*, shaking the pot from time to time to cook the shrimp in its own steam. The dish is ready in minutes. She offers me a shallow bowl of cassava flour mixed with water to make a slightly crunchy porridge, and, smiling, gestures for me to help myself. We cat standing together in the kitchen, pulling the shrimp right out of the pot; they're sweet, firm, and pink, and they smell amazing, the essence of the sea mingled with meaty, garlicky notes from the leaf. I ask Gaia if she always eats food this fresh, and she laughs. "Since my husband is a fisherman, I always eat the best fish that God gives." I can't help feeling a little jealous.

On the final day of My VISIT, I go with Dona Jerônima to a little village named Joanes, where, she says, the Portuguese Jesuits who arrived in the 17th century left behind two main legacies: a chapel, now in ruins, and delicious *caldeiradas de peixe*, or hearty fish stews.

We head down to the waterfront, where we find a little restaurant called Peixaria do Sales. We place our order and sit in the shade, sipping coconut water and surveying the calm ocean ahead, with the jungle at our backs. The woman behind the stove pauses occasion-

From top: workers at a fish market in Soure, on eastern Marajó; camusclim, a pasta and shrimp casserole (see page 64 for a recipe).

ally to duck into the backyard and pick fresh herbs. I look in on her as she cooks, noticing how every movement is calm and easy. As she brings food out and carries dishes back into the kitchen, she has to step around the owner, who sits quietly on the porch peeling cassava. The food takes a long time to come out, but we enjoy the wait. As each dish leaves the kitchen, we catch whiffs of fish, cilantro, and chiles, a combination I now recognize as Marajó's signature scent.

The *caldeirada de peixe* arrives loaded with eggs, shrimp, and potatoes, in a clay pot with rice and fish broth. The cook has also surprised us with a Marajoaran riff on *moqueca*, an Afro-Brazilian seafood stew made with palm oil and coconut milk. In both dishes, no ingredient seems unnecessary, no ingredient is wanting. We eat in happy silence, to the constant swell and sigh of the ocean.

The Guide Marajó

Ferries to Marajó leave from Warehouse 10 dock in the city of Belém twice daily during the week, arriving three hours later at Porto Camará in the town of Salvaterra (55/91/3242-1870 and 55/91/3212-0785). Buses and taxis run between Salvaterra and the main Marajoaran town of Sourc.

WHERE TO STAY

Fazenda São Jerônimo

Rodovia Soure-Pesqueiro, Km 3, Soure (55/91/3741-2093; marajo.tk); \$75 double. A guesthouse run by Jerônima and Raimundo Brito in the jungle outside of Soure. The rooms are simple and comfortable, the home cooking is terrific, and trails running through mangroves, beaches, and jungle make it easy to explore on foot.

WHERE TO EAT

Delícias da Nalva

Quarta Rua Macaxeira 1051, Soure (55/91/8229-9678). Locally renowned cook Nalva Barbosa runs this restaurant out of her home, where she makes classic Marajoaran dishes like frito do vaqueiro (fried buffalo steak in buffalo milk gravy) and casquinhos de caranguejo (stuffed crabs).

Ilha Bela Pousada e Restaurante

Primeira Rua, com Travessa 13, Centro, Soure (55/91/3741-1313). Senhor Niel and Dona Bianca serve terrific home-style cooking—caranguejo (crab soup), buffalo steak topped with melted buffalo cheese—at this rustic inn.

Peixaria do Sales

Praia Joanes, Salvaterra (55/91/3646-2172 or 55/91/3207-0113). This beachside restaurant serves excellent seafood dishes like caldeiradas de peixe (Portuguese-style fish stew with boiled eggs, shrimp, and potatoes) and moqueca (cilantro-laced fish stew made with palm oil and coconut milk).







Baião-de-Dois

(Rice and Black-eyed Peas) SERVES 8-10

Bacon, chorizo, and annatto flavor this northern Brazilian take on rice and beans (pictured on page 57).

- 2 tbsp. olive oil
- oz. bacon, finely chopped
- oz. chorizo, finely chopped
- large yellow onion, minced
- cloves garlic, minced
- 2 tsp. ground annatto seed (see page 116) Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- lb. dried black-eyed peas, soaked overnight, drained
- 2½ cups jasmine rice, rinsed

Heat oil in an 8-qt. saucepan over medium-high heat. Add bacon and chorizo; cook until fat is rendered, about 12 minutes, Add onion; cook until soft, about 6 minutes. Add garlic; cook until golden brown, ahout 9 minutes. Add annatto, salt, and pepper; cook until fragrant, about 1 minute. Add peas and 51/2 cups water; bring to a boil. Reduce heat to medium; cook, covered partially, until peas are tender, about 30 minutes. Add rice, reduce heat to low, and cook, covered, until rice is tender, about 15 minutes.

Camusclim

(Pasta and Shrimp Casserole) SERVES 8

This creamy-zesty pasta casserole (pictured on page 63) combines shrimp, melted cheese, and béchamel. For hard-to-find ingredients, see page 116.

- 11/2 lb. medium shrimp, peeled, deveined, roughly chopped
 - tbsp. fresh lime juice
- tbsp. olive oil
- small yellow onion, minced
- tbsp. minced Brazilian pickled chiles (optional)
- tbsp. minced garlic
- Italian frying pepper, stemmed, seeded, minced
- tomatoes, cored, and minced
- tsp. ground annatto seed
- cup minced Thai basil leaves
- cup minced cilantro Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- cups anellini or macaroni tbsp. unsalted butter
- 3/4
- cup flour
- cups milk
- cups freshly grated parmesan
- oz. fresh mozzarella, grated
- 1 Toss together shrimp and lime juice in a bowl; let marinate for 10 minutes. Meanwhile, heat 2 tbsp. oil

in a 12" skillet over medium-high heat. Add onion; cook until soft, about 4 minutes. Add chiles, garlic, and pepper; cook until soft, about 3 minutes. Add tomatoes; cook until lightly caramelized, about 10 minutes. Add shrimp and annatto; cook until shrimp are just cooked through, ahout 3 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in basil, cilantro, and salt and pepper; set shrimp mix-

2 Bring a large pot of salted water to a hoil, and add pasta; cook until al dente, about 9 minutes. Meanwhile, heat remaining oil and butter in a 4-qt. saucepan over medium-high heat. Add flour; cook until smooth, about 2 minutes. Add milk and whisk until smooth; boil, Reduce heat to medium-low; cook until sauce thickens, about 5 minutes. Season with salt and pepper, and add drained pasta; stir to combine.

3 Heat oven to 425°. Spread half the pasta over bottom of a 9" x 13" haking dish; top with half each the shrimp mixture, parmesan, and mozzarella. Repeat layering; bake until browned, about 30 minutes.

Filé Marajoara

(Steak with Melted Mozzarella)

SERVES 4

Fresh water huffalo cheese melted over filet mignon (pictured on page 58) is a classic dish of Soure, Brazil; mozzarella is a perfect substitute.

- 8-oz. filet mignon steaks Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- cup olive oil
- tbsp. minced cilantro
- cloves garlic Canola oil, for frying
- russet potatoes, peeled, thinly sliced, rinsed, dried
- 8-oz. ball fresh mozzarella, cut into 4 slices

1 Season steaks with salt and pepper, and rub with oil, cilantro, and garlic; let marinate at room temperature for 30 minutes. Meanwhile, pour oil to a depth of 2" in a 6-qt. Dutch oven; heat over medium-high heat until a deep-fry thermometer registers 375°. Working in batches, fry potatoes until golden brown, about 2 minutes. Using a slotted spoon, transfer to paper towels; season with salt.

2 Heat a 12" skillet over high heat. Add steaks; cook until browned on bottom, about 3 minutes. Flip steaks; place 1 piece mozzarella over each steak, and cover skillet. Cook



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until cheese is melted and steaks are cooked to medium-rare, about 3 minutes. Serve with fried potatoes.

Filhote com Molho de Camaroes e Bananas

(Fish with Shrimp Sauce and Plantains) SERVES 6

Any tender, skin-on white fish can be used in this dish, which is topped with spicy shrimp sauce (pictured on page 64). See page 116 for hard-to-find ingredients.

- 3½ lb. bone-in, skin-on red snapper steaks (about 5)
- 1/3 cup olive oil
- ¼ cup minced cilantro
- 1/4 cup minced Thai basil leaves
- 1 tbsp. minced Brazilian pickled chiles (optional)
- 2 tsp. ground annatto seed Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 1 small yellow onion, minced
- I thsp. minced garlic
- ½ Italian frying pepper, stemmed, seeded, minced
- 3 plum tomatoes, cored and finely chopped
- lb. medium shrimp, peeled, deveined, roughly chopped
- I cup fish or vegetable stock
- 2 tbsp. fresh lime juice Canola oil, for frying

1 ripe plantain, peeled and cut into 4"-thick slices

1 Toss fish, ¼ cup olive oil, 2 tbsp. cilantro, 2 tbsp. basil, chiles, and 1 tsp. annatto in a bowl. Heat a 12" skillet over medium-high heat; working in batches, add fish and marinade and cook, turning once, until cooked through, about 12 minutes. Transfer to a serving platter; keep warm. Add remaining olive oil and onions to skillet; cook until soft, about 4 minutes. Add garlic and pepper; cook until soft, about 3 minutes. Add tomatoes; cook until hroken down, ahout 12 minutes. Add remaining annatto, shrimp, stock, and juice; cook until shrimp are cooked through, about 2 minutes. Add remaining cilantro, basil, salt, and pepper; pour over fish.

2 Pour canola oil to a depth of 1" in a 12" skillet; heat over high heat. Add plantains; fry until golden, 3–5 minutes. Transfer to paper towels; serve with fish and shrimp sauce.

Moqueca

(Brazilian Fish Stew) SERVES 6-8

This hearty stew (pictured above) can be made with any firm-fleshed white fish, such as catfish or halibut.

- 1½ lb. boneless, skinless catfish filets, cut into 2" pieces
- 8 oz. medium shrimp, peeled and deveined
- ¼ cup fresh lime juice
- 8 cloves garlic, minced Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 3 tbsp. olive oil
- 1½ small yellow onions (1 minced, ½ thinly sliced)
- I Italian frying pepper, stemmed, seeded (half minced, half thinly sliced)
- 2 plum tomatoes, cored (1 minced, 1 thinly sliced)
- 1 cup fish or vegetable stock
- 1 cup coconut milk
- 2 tbsp. palm oil (see page 116)
- ¼ cup minced cilantro
- ½ cup minced Thai basil leaves Cooked white rice, to serve

Toss fish, shrimp, juice, half the garlic, and salt and pepper in a bowl; set aside. Heat olive oil in a 6-qt. Dutch oven over medium-high heat. Add remaining garlic, minced onion, and minced pepper; cook until soft, ahout 6 minutes. Add minced tomatoes; cook until broken down, about 5 minutes. Add stock, coconut milk, and palm oil; boil. Drain fish and shrimp and add to pot; cook until just cooked through, about 7 min-

utes. Add sliced onion, pepper, and tomato; cook, covered, for 5 minutes. Stir in cilantro and basil; season with salt and pepper. Serve with rice.

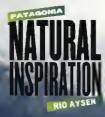
Sombremesa de Banana com Queijo

(Banana and Cheese Pudding) SERVES 6-8

Fresh bananas layered with sweetened condensed milk and cream cheese comprise this sumptuous Brazilian dessert (pictured on page 60).

- 1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk
- 1 12-oz. can evaporated milk
- 1 stick cinnamon
- 4 ripe bananas, cut crosswise into 2" pieces, then lengthwise into ¼"-thick slices
- 12 oz. cream cheese, cubed
- ¼ tsp. ground cinnamon

Heat oven to 350°. Boil milks and cinnamon stick in 12" nonstick skillet over medium heat until reduced by half, about 30 minutes; discard cinnamon. Spread ½ reduced milk over hottom of an 8" x 8" haking dish; top with half the bananas and half the cream cheese. Repeat layering, ending with reduced milk; sprinkle with ground cinnamon. Bake until bubbly, about 30 minutes.





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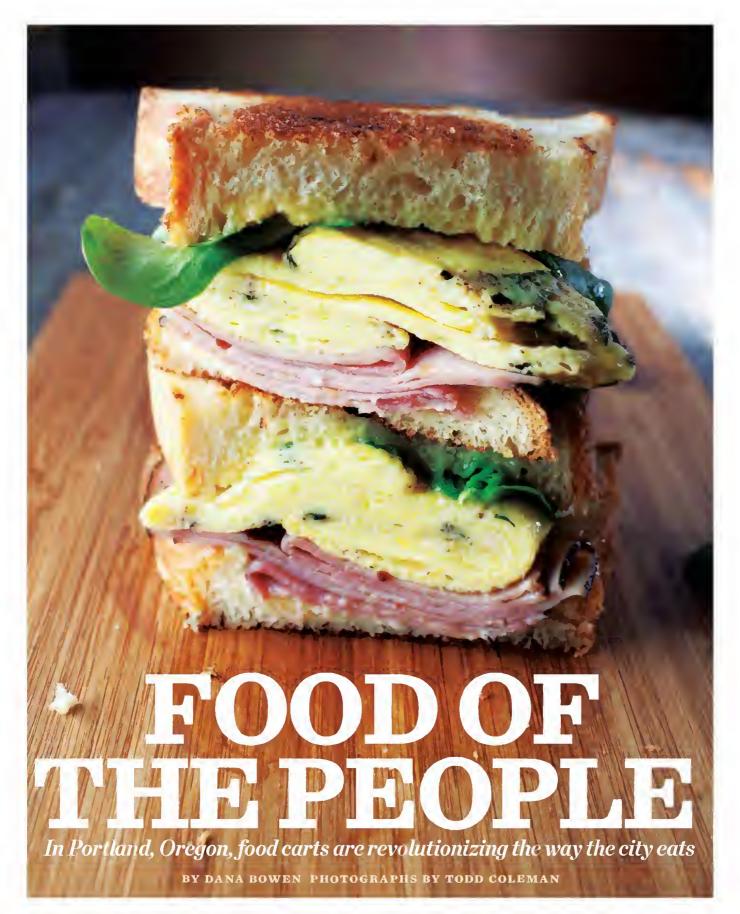
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ow NICE IT would be to live in Portland. That's the thought that kept running through my mind as I sat on a bench downtown one sunny lunch hour last fall, eating some of the juiciest, crunchiest, tangiest fried chicken I've had in years. Here is a city full of all the things I love: bookshops and bike routes; smart urban planning and open-mindedness; a vibrant restaurant scene blessed with access to the Pacific Northwest's amazing local produce, wine, and microbrewed beer. And hundreds upon hundreds of food carts.

It was those carts that brought me here. I'd been hearing about Portland's food cart phenomenon for years, and assumed it was just another manifestation of the nationwide mobile dining trend—those fleets of roving trucks that tweet their locations for frantic pickups of Korean tacos or artisan cupcakes. But every time I talked to friends in Portland (a good many have moved there over the years), I got a different story: Something else is going on here, something much more resonant. Hundreds of food carts have set up in parking lots all around the city, I was told, and they have completely changed the way the people of Portland eat.

When I walked out of my hotel midmorning and stumbled across the first of many "pods," as clusters of carts are known here, in a sprawling former parking lot, I sensed they were right. This was the food court of my dreams, with dozens of vehicles-shiny concession trucks; hand-painted storage trailers retrofitted into kitchens; sheds on wheelsserving everything from schnitzel to pulled pork sandwiches to jambalaya (from a former chef of Galatoire's in New Orleans, no less). A Scottish cook was frying fish and chips in a renovated camper, explaining to a customer the difference between haddock and cod; a Polish woman browned homemade pierogis with caramelized onions on a wellworn kitchen stove. A line snaked down the block and around the corner for one particular cart with a hand-painted sign describing its signature offering: *khao man gai*, Thai-style chicken and rice.

It was here that I planned to meet Andy Ricker, chef-owner of the city's celebrated Thai restaurant, Pok Pok, to get a handle on this scene. When he arrived, a soft-spoken 48-year-old with tattoos of Thai ingredients on his arm, he explained that the woman who had opened the cart, Narumol Poonsukwattana, used to work in his kitchen. Ever since food carts took off in Portland a few years back, he said, "It's been harder to find and keep restaurant cooks."

The dish was unbelievably delicious, with flavors pungent and precise. A Thai take on Hainan chicken, the tender meat was poached in a broth scented with ginger and garlic, and served with rice cooked in that same liquid, flavorful and silky with the chicken's rendered fat. A sweet, sticky sauce of fermented soybeans and black soy sauce came on the side, providing the perfect sweet-tart punch. When the lunch rush died down. I asked Poonsukwattana, a slim, cheerful woman with a seemingly boundless reserve of energy, why she started out serving just one dish at her cart. She told me a story about working at Thai restaurants that served lots of inauthentic recipes skewed to what the bosses assumed were American tastes. "I wanted to serve just one Thai dish really well," she said. "And this is my comfort food." She's since started serving a few others, including phenomenal Sriracha-spiked chicken wings, but her initial impulse—to build her menu slowly, focusing on excellence each step of the wayhas remained. It's something she would have found impossible were she to have opened a full-service restaurant.

SO, WHY PORTLAND? The following morn-

ing, I drove north, crossing the river and passing through one leafy neighborhood after the next to meet a man who is more prepared to answer that question than most. Brett Burmeister, a Portland native who has made it his life's mission to promote the city's food cart culture. He runs the website FoodCartsPortland.com; produced its popular iPhone app; and helped found the Oregon Street Food Association, a trade group that lobbies for vendors' rights. A friendly guy with shaggy bangs overlapping his glasses and impressive muttonchops that almost reach the tips of his smile, Burmeister has never owned a cart himself; he fell into this world after blogging about walking around Portland and realizing just how much good these carts have done for his city.

"Food brings people together," he said as we ate breakfast at Mississippi Marketplace, a pod in the northern part of town with a handful of carts encircling rows of picnic tables. Young families pushed their strollers over to The Big Egg, a bright yellow truck serving brunchy dishes like powdered-sugarcoated Monte Cristo sandwiches filled with Gorgonzola and ham; bleary-eyed hipsters dipped forks into big cups of rice and vegetables and mock meat from a cart called Native Bowl. As we talked, Burmeister drew a map of the city in my notebook, identifying other notable pods, most of which were in neighborhoods beyond downtown. Once you get outside of the downtown area, Portland looks and feels like a sprawling college town, residential streets lined with bungalows alternating with thoroughfares of commercial storefronts. These pods have provided a new way for Portlanders to engage with each other and the urban landscape.

There are around 475 carts open at any given time. Unlike other cities where obtaining a cart and the necessary permits is cost-prohibitive or full of red tape and *(continued on page 80)*



Mary Casanave Sheridan at The Honey Pot, a cart serving homemade pies and other desserts at Portland's Good Food Here pod.



Tininon mannok yan hineska' agaga, Guam-style chicken with red rice (see page 86 for a recipe), a favorite among customers of the Portland food cart PDX 671.



Rigatoni in tomato sauce (see page 86 for a recipe), from the cart Artigiano.















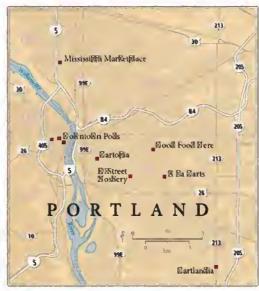
















Pod People

One thing that makes Portland's food carts so special is the way they are grouped together in what's locally known as "pods," which range from a couple of vehicles with shared tables to dozens lining the perimeter of downtown parking lots. The downtown pods were the first to open years ago, and they do a brisk business at lunchtime; by 3:00 P.M., most are closed. It's when you get out into the "destination pods" that you really experience the sense of community and culinary innovation that cart culture can foster. Cartopia (SE Hawthorne Boulevard and 12th Avenue) is packed late-night, but its picnic tables are a pleasant spot to sit any time of day, with one of the superb pies from Pyro Pizza, crĉpes from Perierra, or poutine from Potato Champion. Some of Portland's cheffiest meals on wheels can be found at Good Food Here (SE 43rd and Belmont Street), featuring earts like Lardo, The Sugar Cube, and EuroTrash. There's also great beer on tap, here and at D-Street Noshery (3221 SE Division Street), where highlights include the thoughtfully prepared Guamese food at PDX 671 and the fruity desserts at The Pie Spot. You often find people getting food to go for dinner at A La Carts (SE 50th Avenue and Division Street), where the Iraqi cart Aladdin's Castle Café is parked; you can also eat vegan burgers from solar-powered Off the Griddle, and other fare in this pod's covered central area, where bands sometime play. Some pods, like Mississippi Marketplace (4233N Mississippi Avenue), are connected to bars with outdoor seating, so you can pick up your sandwich at The Big Egg, and enjoy it with a drink. While there are pods, like the new Cartlandia (Springwater Corridor Bike Trail and 82nd Avenue), that are designed to be big, others are so small they don't have a name. The outstanding pasta eart, Artigiano, for example, is parked by itself near D-Street Noshery; to find a cart's pod location, visit FoodCartsPort land.com. -D.B.

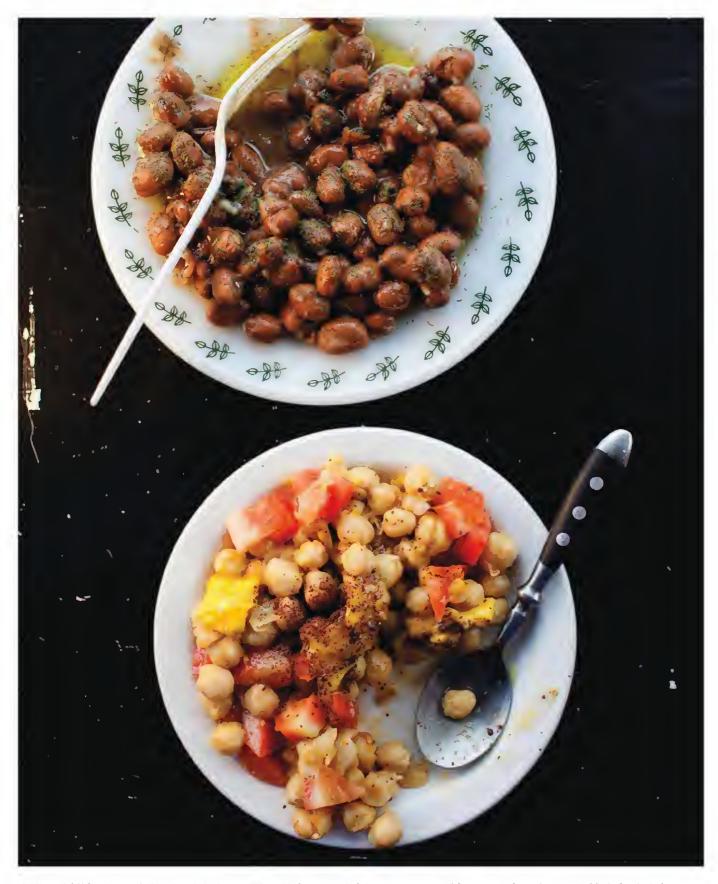
Top row, from left: A customer at Aladdin's Castle Café; Off the Griddle; NAMU Korean Barbecue; Ragin' Cajun Gumbo; Hungry Heart Cupcakes. Middle row: Dolicious; Captured by Porches home brewers: Wolf and Bear's falafel; Awesome Cone. Bottom row: A customer at The Big Egg; Nong's; Roshambo; Blues City Biscuits; customers at Pyro Pizza.



A porchetta sandwich, with local-hazelnut gremolata and and lemon-caper aïoli, from Lardo (see page 84 for a recipe.)



A cook prepares a crepe at Perierra Crêperie at Portland's Cartopia pod.



Garlic and dill fava bean salad (top) and chickpeas with pickled mango salad (bottom; see page 84 for recipes), from the cart Aladdin's Castle Café.



Spicy Thai chicken wings (see page 84 for a recipe) from Nong's, an extremely popular cart in downtown Portland.

(continued from page 70) black-market pressure, here the city seems to encourage the proliferation of food carts. In John T. Edge's new Truck Food Cookbook (Workman, 2012) he writes "When street food advocates...speak of American cities that serve as honest incubators of a street food scene, Portland is the name on the tip of everyone's tongue." He cites a study commissioned by the city's bureau of planning that found that "food carts have a positive impact on street vitality and neighborhood life and advance public value, including community connectedness and distinctiveness, equity and access, and sustainability."

That's to say nothing of how the carts empower people who might otherwise be stymied by the costs of opening a brick-andmortar business. "Portland has always had a DIY mentality," Burmeister explained. The food-cart model breeds ingenuity and diversity: There's an inherent understanding that it's not acceptable to do something someone else is already doing in the same pod. It's also sparked creative competition. "The bar keeps rising," he said, offering as an example his latest discovery: a vendor serving handmade pasta with ingredients from a nearby urban farm. "Fresh pasta and garlic scapes, from a cart!"

In some cases, the carts' originality stems

from the way they express something personal about the owners and where they come from. After we left Mississippi Marketplace, Burmeister drove me to a small pod with a cart called PDX 671: The name combines the Portland airport code with the area code for Guam. The young couple that runs the cart, Edward and Marie Sablan, are from the tiny island in the south Pacific. When we arrived, Edward was tending marinated chicken and short ribs on a smoking grill while his young son and daughter ran around the picnic tables. Inside their 16-by-8 feet cart, which looks not unlike a restaurant kitchen, Marie was serving up orders of annatto-tinged, smoky tasting red rice; titiya, the coconut milk-enriched flatbreads that are central to Guam's indigenous Chamorro cuisine; kelaguen mannok, a salad of chopped grilled chicken with lots of freshly grated coconut, lemon juice, onions, and hot peppers. "This is our fiesta food," Edward told me, a mix of Filipino, Japanese, and Spanish influences. "It's what my family cooks, and what our friends from Guam prepare when we get together." I had never come across any of these dishes before, anywhere in America.

Same goes for the fragrant sumac-seasoned stuffed onions, lentil soup, and beet salad at Aladdin's Castle Café, where Ghaith Sahib and his mother, Nawal Jasim, prepare Iraqi home cooking in a cozy camper painted mustard yellow. "In his country, it's a point of shame for men to cook at home," Ghaith's wife and cart co-owner, Tiffany, told me, "But he's a great cook." The couple met in Amsterdam after Ghaith was injured by a car bomb during the war in Iraq. He was able to come to the States and, ultimately, to bring his mother over. Opening a food cart serving Iraqi and other Middle Eastern dishes was a way for them to create a business around something they enjoyed and knew how to do well. It took off: They now have a small restaurant in addition to the cart.

It's true all over the world—whether it's a noodle vendor at a hawker stall in Singapore or a cook in Brooklyn who totes her insulated cooler full of tamales from place to place-selling home-style food on the street is a natural, and empowering, way for people to provide for themselves and their families. When I talked to these vendors in Portland, and saw their sincere smiles when customers told them how much they enjoyed their food. I witnessed yet another important layer to all of this: These carts allow so many immigrants to stake their claim in Portland, to become a part of a very diverse community while honoring their cultural heritage.



Ghaith Sahib and his mother, Nawal Jasim, prepare Iraqi dishes in the Portland cart Aladdin's Castle Café.

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CALIFORNIA

In other cases, the carts' originality is a result of creative cooks breaking away from the restraints of a restaurant kitchen. This was the case with many of the carts in the last pod Burmeister took me to, Good Food, a leafy space with a small beer garden. There were incredible aromas wafting from a cart called Lardo, where I ordered a juicy porchetta sandwich fragrant with herbs and garlic and slathered with a gremolata made with local hazelnuts. The accompanying fries were insanely flavorful and crisp, cooked in lard and tossed with fresh herbs, parmesan, and fleur de sel. "We're buying from the same producers restaurants are buying from," said co-owner Rick Gencarelli, a former restaurant chef who cooked with Todd English, among others, before moving to Portland.

For dessert, I walked a few steps over to a sixties-era camper painted like Neapolitan ice cream, in shades of pink, white, and chocolate brown. Called the Sugar Cube, it's where Kir Jensen, who spent years in restaurant pastry kitchens, turns out silky panna cotta striated with dark chocolate and espresso-flavored cream; homemade ice cream sandwiches in flavors like salty caramel; and other elegant, elaborate sweets. "I wanted to show that excellent food can come out of a cart," said Jensen,

who just released her first cookbook, *The Sugar Cube* (Chronicle, 2012). "And I get to experiment more because the business is mine."

The pod that everyone insisted I visit was Cartopia, the first to create a dedicated seating area as the focal point of a pod, and the first to bring a cocktail cart to the city of Portland. I visited one night with my friends Carrie and Janie, two former Brooklynites who have good reason to brag about their new home. "Can you believe this pizza?" Carrie said as we devoured a margherita pie under a twinkling canopy of fairy lights. I couldn't. It was wood-fired and hot from the hand-built brick oven at a cart called Pyro Pizza, and it cost all of seven bucks. I finished one and immediately ordered another. The ponytailed owner, John Eads, grinned when I complimented his pies and his prices. "Sure, I can raise my prices, but why?" he posited. "This is not food for the elite. It's made for the masses."

I SPENT THE BETTER part of my last day in Portland continuing to drive and eat. Veggie Burgers. Fondue. Poutine. Fried sardines. Pie (sweet and savory). I really should have rented a bike. I could barely go a few blocks without spotting another pod—here a barbecue truck parked near a ramshackle beer

bar with a sprawling garden out back; there a few more doing brisk business selling country-fried steaks and curries to customers at the strip club next door. (There appear to be as many strip clubs in Portland as there are food carts, but I guess that's another story.)

Finally, I came upon the cart that Burmeister had been raving about, a candy-apple red one flanked with bistro-style tables where people were eating homemade ravioli and sipping wine. Inside, a young cook named Rachael Grossman was rolling out pasta dough as the late afternoon sun shone in through the cart's window.

As she dropped a tangle of tagliatelle into boiling water and started sautéing heirloom tomatoes she got from an urban farm nearby with a glug of good oil and garlic. It occurred to me, as I watched this woman cook, that she was doing what she was meant to do, what all real cooks are meant to do: prepare meals thoughtfully and with the finest ingredients, for her neighbors and friends. She told me about the months she spent cooking in Italy, how it had changed her life, how she loved making pasta with all of her heart. "In this country, this kind of food is something that's trapped inside fine dining," she said. "It doesn't have to be."





From left: Fettuccine with heirloom tomatoes at Artigiano; dolma mahshi, stuffed onions, with rice, at Aladdin's Castle Café. (See page 84 for recipes.)



Time for Taiwan







Bagula

(Garlic and Dill Fava Bean Salad) SERVES 4-6

Cumin and lemon bring a smoky and tart savoriness to this classic Egyptian bean dish from Aladdin's Caravan Café (pictured on page 78).

- lb. small dried fava beans, soaked overnight
- 1/4 cup olive oil
- 3 tbsp. minced parsley
- 3 tbsp. minched dill
- 1 tsp. ground cumin
- 4 cloves garlic, mashed into a paste
 Juice of 1 lemon
 Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 1 Drain beans and place in a 4-qt. saucepan, cover with water by 2", and bring to a boil over high heat; reduce heat to medium-low, and cook, covered and stirring occasionally, until tender, about 50 minutes.
- 2 Drain beans, and transfer to a bowl; add oil, parsley, dill, cumin, garlic, juice, and salt and pepper; let sit for 30 minutes to meld flavors before serving.

Dolma Mahshi

(Iraqi Stuffed Onions) SERVES 6-8

Pomegranate molasses, coriander, and curry powder perfume the filling for these tender stuffed onion rolls (pictured on page 82) from Aladdin's Caravan.

- 2 cups jasmine rice
- 1 cup finely chopped parsley
- ½ cup olive oil
- 3 cup finely chopped cilantro
- ¹/₄ cup pomegranate molasses (see page 116)
- ¼ cup tomato paste
- 2 tsp. ground cumin
- 2 tsp. ground coriander
- 2 tsp. curry powder Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 4 large white onions
- 1 cup chicken stock
- 1 14-oz. can whole, peeled tomatoes in juice, pureed
- 2 tsp. ground sumac, plus more to garnish (see page 116)
 - Greek-style yogurt, to serve
- 1 Make the stuffing: Combine rice, parsley, oil, cilantro, pomegranate molasses, tomato paste, cumin, coriander, curry powder, salt and pepper, and 1½ cups water in a bowl; let sit until the rice begins to soak up some of the liquid, about 30 minutes.

- 2 Meanwhile, trim the tops and bottoms from onions and peel outer layer; place in a 6-qt. saucepan and cover with water. Bring to a boil over medium-high heat, and cook until onions are tender to the core, abour 30 minutes; drain and ler cool.
- 3 Cut each onion halfway around the side and peel off each whole layer to get about 4–5 large layers each. Stuff each layer with 2 tbsp. stuffing and roll up into a football-shaped roll; place rolls in a single layer in a 9" x 13" baking dish. Pour stock and tomatoes over rolls and sprinkle with sumac; season with salt and pepper.
- 4 Heat oven to 375°. Bake until filling is cooked through and sauce is reduced around rolls, about 1 hour. Divide rolls among serving plates and sprinkle with more sumac; serve with the yogurt.

Fettuccine with Heirloom Tomatoes

SERVES 6-8

Rachael Grossman, from the cart Artigiano, highlights the flavor of heirloom tomatoes by simply tossing them with homemade fettuccine (pictured on page 82). For illustrated step-by-step instructions on how to make the pasta, see page 112.

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup semolina flour
- 2 eggs, lightly beaten
- 6 cups roughly chopped heirloom tomatoes
- 1 cup halved heirloom cherry tomatoes
- ¼ cup extra-virgin olive oil
- 15 basil leaves, thinly sliced
- 2 cloves garlic, minced Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste Cornmeal, for sprinkling Thinly shaved parmesan, for serving
- 1 Make the pasta: Stir together flour and semolina in a large howl, and form a well in the center; pour eggs into well and stir with a fork tintil dough forms. Transfer dough to a work surface and knead until smooth, about 10 minutes. Cover with plastic wrap and let sit for 30 minutes.
- 2 Meanwhile, make the sauce: Combine tomatoes, oil, basil, garlic, and salt and pepper in a bowl; cover and let sit at room temperature for 30 minutes to meld flavors.
- **3** Uncover and halve dough; using a pasta roller or rolling pin, roll each piece of dough until it's 1/6" thick.

Hang pasta sheets on a rack to dry slightly for 5 minutes. Slice pasta sheets crosswise into lengths of one foot and stack, one on top of another, sprinkling cornmeal in between, then roll into a cylinder; cut crosswise into ½"-rhick ribbons. Unravel fettuccine and toss with semolina to separate; let dry for 10 minutes.

4 Bring a large pot of salted water to a boil over high heat, and add pasta; cook, stirring, until al dente, about 3 minutes. Drain pasta and add to bowl of sauce; toss to combine. Divide among serving bowls and garnish with parmesan.

Ham, Cheese, Egg, and Lemon Sandwiches

SERVES 4

Lemon curd and goat cheese lends this breakfast sandwich from chef Elizabeth Morehead at The Big Egg a pleasing tanginess (pictured on page 68). When we don't feel like making lemon curd from scrarch, we pick up a jar of it at our local Whole Foods Market.

FOR THE LEMON CURD:

- 34 cup sugar
- 4 egg yolks
- 12 tbsp. unsalted butter, melted Zest and juice of 3 lemons, preferably Meyer

FOR THE SANDWICHES:

- 8 1"-thick slices brioche Unsalted butter, melted, for brushing
- 2 oz. soft goat cheese
- 4 egg
- tsp. finely chopped fresh
 thyme
 Kosher salt and freshly
 ground black pepper, to taste
- 16 slices black forest ham
- 4 oz. mâche
- 1 Make the curd: Whisk together sugar and yolks in a 2-qt. saucepan; add butter, zest, and juice, and whisk until smooth. Place over medium heat, and cook, stirring, until curd is the consistency of loose pudding, 8–10 minutes. Pour curd through a strainer into a bowl, and press a piece of plastic wrap on the surface of the curd; chill for 2 hours.
- **2** To make each sandwich, heat a 10" nonstick skillet over mediumhigh heat. Brush one side each of 2 slices brioche with butter, and place in skillet, buttered sides down, and toast, about 1 minute. Transfer slices to a plate, toasted sides down, and spread ½ oz. goat cheese over one slice and 2½ tbsp. lemon curd over

the other slice.

3 Meanwhile, whisk 1 egg in a bowl, and add to skillet; sprinkle with ¼ tsp. thyme and salt and pepper, and cook, flipping once, until just set, about 2 minures. Fold up omeler and place on top of the goat cheese. Place 4 slices ham in skillet, and cook, flipping once, until heated through, about 35 seconds; place on top of omelette. Place 1 oz. mâche on top of ham, then top with the bread slice slathered with lemon curd. Repeat with remaining ingredients to make 3 more sandwiches.

Peek Gai Nam Daeng

(Spicy Thai Chicken Wings) SERVES 4-6

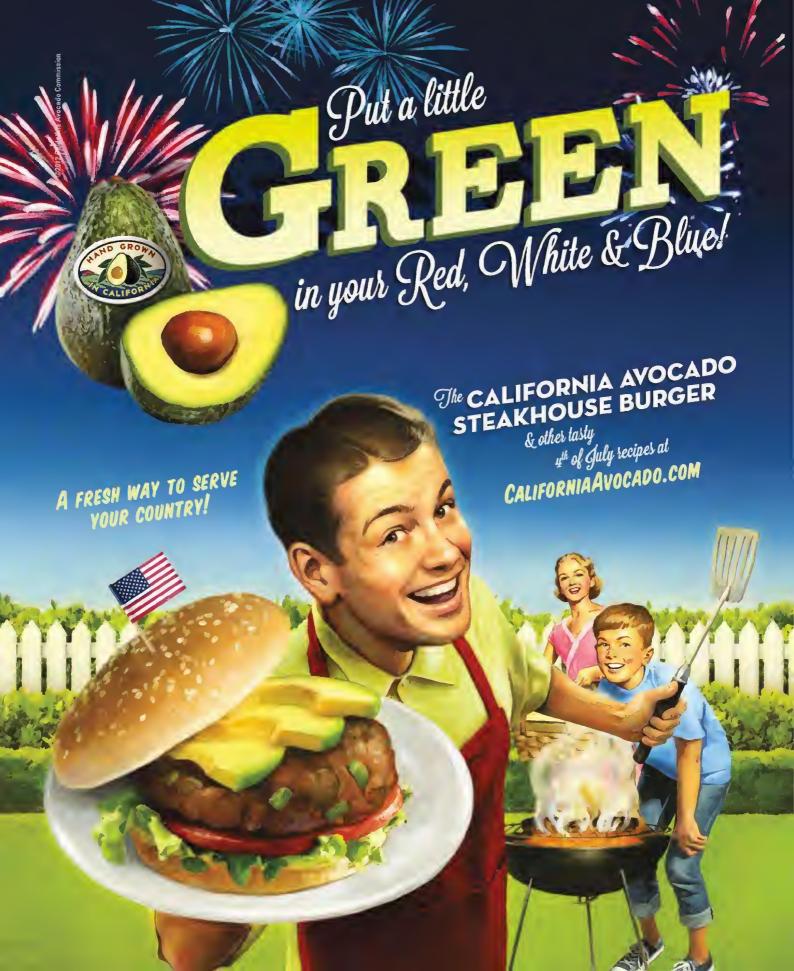
These sweet-spicy wings, bathed in a ketchup-soy hot sauce (pictured on page 79), are a specialty of the cart Nong's.

Canola oil, for frying

- 2 Ib. chicken wings Kosher salt, to taste
- cup tapioca starch
- 2 tbsp. coconut oil
- 3 cloves garlic, minced
- 2 small shallots, minced
- 1 small yellow onion, minced
- 2 medium tomatoes, cored, and finely chopped
 - cup ketchup
- 2 tbsp. Asian hot sauce, preferably Sriracha
- 2 tbsp. soy sauce
- 2 tbsp. sugar
- 1 tbsp. oyster sauce
- 1 tbsp. Chinese cooking wine
- 4 cup roasted, chopped peanuts

Cilantro leaves, for serving Celery sticks, for serving

- 1 Pour oil to a depth of 2" in a 6-qt. Dutch oven and heat over medium-high heat until a deepfry thermometer reads 400°. Place chicken wings in a bowl and season with salt; add tapioca starch and toss to coat. Working in hatches, add chicken to oil and fry, stirring occasionally, until golden brown and crisp, about 12 minutes. Using a slotted spoon, transfer wings to a wire rack set over a baking sheet to drain; set aside.
- 2 Meanwhile, heat coconut oil in a 6-qt. saucepan over mediumhigh heat. Add garlic, shallots, and onion, and cook, stirring, until golden brown, about 8 minutes. Add tomatoes, and cook, stirring, until broken down and smooth, about 4 minutes. Add ketchup, hot sauce, soy sauce, sugar, and oys-



ter sauce, and cook, stirring, until thickened, about 6 minutes. Stir in wine, and then add wings, and toss to coat; cook until heated through, about 3 minutes. Using tongs, transfer wings to a serving platter, and sprinkle with peanuts; serve with cilantro, celery, and remaining sauce from the pan, on the side.

Porchetta Sandwiches with Herbed French Fries

SERVES 8

The cart Lardo serves this succulent roast pork with hazelnut gremolata and lemon-caper aïoli on ciabatta buns (pictured on page 76) aecompanied with herb-strewn fries.

FOR THE PORK:

- ½ cup lightly packed rosemary
- 1/2 cup lightly packed sage leaves
- 1/3 cup olive oil
- tbsp. fennel seeds, lightly crushed
- 21/2 tbsp. coarsely ground black
- tbsp. crushed red chile flakes
- 14 cloves garlic, thinly sliced
- 6-7-lb. skin-on pork shoulder, butterflied Kosher salt, to taste

FOR THE GREMOLATA AND AÏOLI:

- 11/3 cups olive oil
- cup lightly packed parsley
- cup hazelnuts, toasted
- tbsp. salt-packed capers, rinsed and drained
- tbsp. hazelnut oil
- small shallot, thinly sliced Zest and juice of 2 lemons Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 2 egg yolks

FOR THE FRIES AND SERVING: Canola oil, for frying

- large russet potatoes, cut into ¼"-thick sticks
- cup roughly chopped rosemary leaves
- cup roughly chopped sage
- cup finely grated parmesan Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- ciabatta buns, split
- 1 Make the pork: Heat oven to 325°. Combine rosemary, sage, ¼ cup oil, fennel seeds, pepper, chile flakes, and garlic in a food processor, and process until a smooth paste forms. Unfold pork shoulder, skin-side down, on a cutting board, season with salt,

- and spread evenly with herb paste; roll up shoulder, tie with kitchen twine at 1" intervals along length of shoulder, and rub with remaining oil. Transfer to a 9" x 13" baking dish, season with salt, and cover with foil; bake until an instant-read thermometer inserted into the pork reads 150°, about 1 hour and 45 minutes. Uncover and heat hroiler to high; broil pork until skin is browned and crisp and internal temperature reads 165°, about 15 minutes more. Let rest for at least 30 minutes.
- 2 Meanwhile, make the gremolata: Combine 1/3 cup olive oil, parsley, hazelnuts, I tbsp. capers, hazelnut oil, shallot, and zest and juice of 1 lemon in a food processor, and process until a combined; transfer to a bowl and set aside.
- 3 For the aïoli, whisk remaining capers, 2 tbsp. lemon juice (reserve remaining juice and zest for another use), egg yolks, and 1 tbsp. water in a medium bowl until smooth. While whisking constantly, slowly drizzle in remaining oil until sauce is smooth. Season with salt and pepper, and refrigerate until ready to use.
- 4 Make the fries: Pour oil to a depth of 2" in a 6-qt. Dutch oven and heat over medium-high heat until a deep-fry thermometer reads 375°. Add half the potatoes, and cook, turning occasionally and maintaining an oil temperature of 325°, until pale and tender, about 8 minutes. Using a slotted spoon, transfer potatoes to a wire rack set over a baking sheet; repeat with remaining potatoes. Refrigerate potatoes until chilled, about 30 minutes.
- 5 Increase oil temperature to 385°. Working in small hatches, add chilled potatoes to oil, and cook, stirring, until browned and crisp, about 2 minutes. Using a slotted spoon, return fries to rack set over haking sheet; add rosemary and sage to oil, and fry until crisp, about 45 seconds. Transfer herhs to a paper towel-lined plate to drain, and then place in a bowl along with the fries and parmesan. Toss to comhine and season with salt and pepper.
- 6 To serve, spread aïoli on tops of ciahatta buns and gremolata on bottoms of buns. Thinly slice pork shoulder and divide among buns; serve sandwiches with fries.

Rigatoni in Tomato Sauce SERVES 6-8

Hearty, satisfying rigatoni (pictured on page 73) is tossed in a simple tomato-herh sauce at the cart

- 3 thsp. olive oil
- medium carrots, minced
- large yellow onion, minced
- cloves garlic, minced
- sprigs rosemary
- 2 sprigs sage
- 1/2 cup red wine
- 28-oz. can whole, peeled tomatoes in juice, crushed by hand Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- lb. dried rigatoni
- cup thinly sliced parsley leaves
- cup coarsely grated pecorino romano or mozzarella
- 1 Heat oil in a 4-qt. saucepan over medium heat. Add carrots and onion, and cook, stirring, until soft, about 9 minutes. Add garlic, rosemary, and sage, and cook, stirring, until fragrant, about 1 minute. Add wine, and cook, stirring, until reduced by half, about 5 minutes. Add tomatoes, and bring to a boil; reduce heat to medium-low, and cook, stirring, until reduced, about 1 hour. Discard herbs and purée sauce in a blender. Season sauce with salt and pepper; keep warm.
- 2 Bring a large pot of salted water to a boil over high heat, and add rigatoni; cook, stirring, until al dente, about 9 minutes. Drain pasta, reserving I cup pasta water. Toss pasta and sauce in a howl, adding tablespoons of pasta water to create a smooth sauce. Divide pasta and sauce among bowls, and garnish with parsley and cheese.

Tininon Mannok yan Hineska' Agaga

(Guam-Style Chicken with Red Rice) SERVES 8

Marinated with the traditional Guam-style sauce finadene, a blend of cane vinegar, soy sauce, and aromatics, this succulent grilled chicken (pictured on page 72) is served with annatto-tinged red rice at the cart PDX 671.

- 3 cups soy sauce
- cups cane vinegar (see page
 - tsp. freshly ground black pepper
 - small yellow onion, thinly sliced, plus 1/3 cup finely chopped
- 2½ lb. bone-in, skin-on chicken

- thighs
- cup fresh lemon juice
- cup thinly sliced scallions
- tsp, crushed red chile flakes
- cups jasmine rice
- 2 tbsp. ground annatto seeds (see page 116)
- 1 To make the marinade, combine 2 cups soy sauce, vinegar, pepper, sliced onion, and 1 cup water in a large bowl; add chicken and cover howl with plastic wrap. Refrigerate for at least 8 hours or overnight to marinate.
- 2 Meanwhile, make the dipping sauce: Stir together remaining soy sauce and chopped onion with lemon juice, scallions, chile flakes, and 1/2 cup water; set aside.
- 3 To make the red rice, combine rice, annatto, and 5 cups water in a 4-qt. saucepan over medium-high heat; reduce heat to medium-low and cook, covered, until rice is tender, about 10-12 minutes. Remove from the heat and keep rice warm.
- 4 Build a medium-hot fire in a charcoal grill or heat a gas grill to medium-high. (Alternatively, heat a cast-iron grill pan over mediumhigh heat.) Cook chicken, turning, until browned, about 8 minutes. Serve with rice and dipping sauce, on the side.

Zalata Amba

(Chickpeas with Mango Pickle) SERVES 6-8

The recipe for this zesty Iraqi salad (pictured on page 78), which uses pickled mango, or amba, comes from the cart Aladdin's Caravan Café.

- 1 lb. dried chickpeas, soaked overnight
- cup roughly chopped pickled mango (Iraqi or İsraeli amba; see page 116)
- tbsp. sumac (see page 116)
- medium tomato, cored and roughly chopped Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 1 Drain chickpeas, and place them in a 4-qt. saucepan, cover with water hy 2"; hring to a hoil over high heat. Reduce heat to medium-low; cook, covered and stirring occasionally, until tender, about 25 minutes.
- 2 Drain chickpeas, and transfer to a medium bowl; stir in pickled mango, sumac, tomato, and salt and pepper; let sit for 30 minutes to meld flavors before serving.

Jucatán Traditional Mayan-Spanish Cuisine

The culinary delights of a typical Yucatecan kitchen arise from an exquisite blend of ingredients used by the ancient Mayas, blended with flavors brought by the Spanish during the Colonial era and later and contributions from the Caribbean and the Middle East. The Yucatan Peninsula was for many years considered to be inaccessible due to the few roads that led here. However although isolated from the rest of the country, thanks to its ports there was a constant exchange of trade and cultural contracts with Europe, especially France, as well as New Orleans and Cuba. The people of Yucatan were naturally influenced by many aspects of these countries and cities, thus forming the basis of one of the best known cuisines of Mexico and the world.

And no wonder Yucatecan food has an international reputation, given its unique combination of condiments and spices such as pumpkin seed, oregano, red onion, sour orange, sweet chile, tomato, achiote, the xcatic chile, chile habanero, chile max and cilautro which in combination give that special taste to the food of this region. Yucatan was once known as the "Land of the pheasant and the deer" for the popularity of these species as the main ingredients of the local cuisine. Today they have been replaced by pork and turkey, which with the addition of seasonings and spices give birth to the delicious regional dishes that today we all know and enjoy, such as cochinita pibil, one of the most typical and well known specialties in this country.

Other specialties are the delicious salbutes and panuchos, handmade tortillas made of corn, fried and covered with black beans, shredded beef or chicken, turkey, lettuce, red onion and the "xnipec" salsa; delicious papadzules, which are made of tortillas dipped in a sauce made of squash seeds and stuffed with hard-boiled egg, topped with tomato sauce and chile habanero; lime soup, much like chicken broth but with the subtle taste of lime; turkey in black sauce or "chilmole", a filled cheese, the traditional poc-chuc, and tikinxic which is fish marinated in achiote, wrapped in banana leaves and roasted, served with a rich sauce made of tomatoes and chile habanero.











The chile habanero, considered one of the hottest peppers in the world and with a denomination of origin, is widely used as a flavoring in all its forms, and as a very special ingredient in prepared food. This chili is used to prepare the very spicy "xnipee", a salsa made with lime juice, onion, tomato and chopped and roasted chile habanero. Other dishes that are typical of the region although perhaps less known as they tend to be homemade, are puchero (a stew) with three types of meat, chocolomo, chicken pibil, black beans with pork, huevos motuleños (Motul-style eggs), lentil stew, and tamales, either vaporcitos or colados.

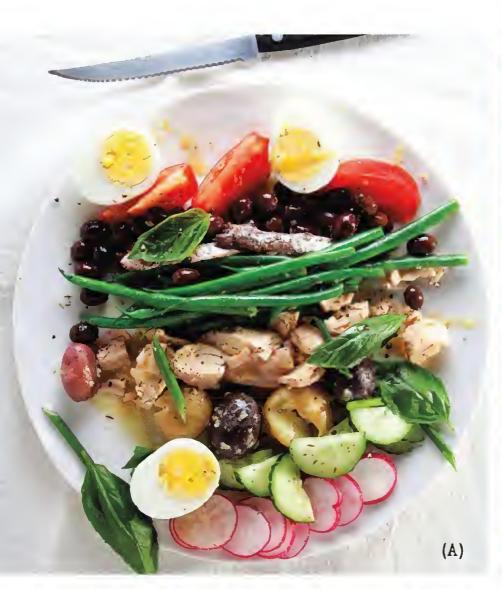
To driuk we have the delicious horchata, ricebased beverage; chaya blended with lemon, lemonade, orangeade, and other fruit drinks made of crushed fruit with water; as well as the refreshing trolebuses (fresh fruit smoothies), sorbets and ices that we can enjoy in the shade of the verdant trees along the Paseo Montejo. Another typical drink is the delicious xtabentun, better known as the "liquor of the gods", made of honey and anise. Our desserts are another example of the quality of Yucatecan cuisine, the perfect end for any dinner or special meal. Most are made of local fruits such as papaya, nance, plums or ciricote; as well as the rich coconut cream or coconut sweets, or the "caballero pobre" (poor gentleman) always a delight to the most discerning palates.







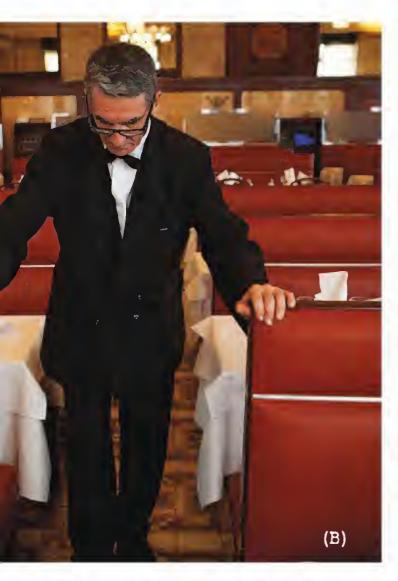


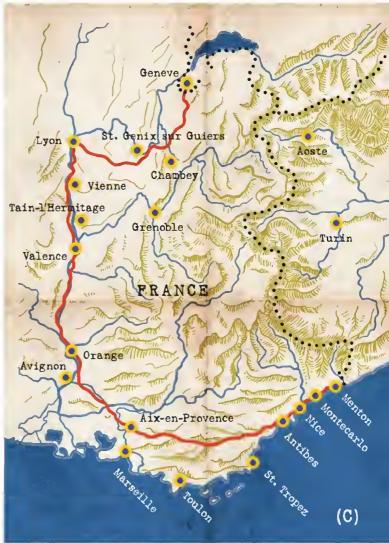




THE ROAD T

ROUTE 7 IS FRANCE'S MOST LEGENDARY— THE CHARCUTERIE OF LYON TO THE PISSA ING TOUR OF A LIFETIME. BY SYLVIE BIGAR Prance's Route Nationale 7 covers rich culinary ground, from sun-soaked Provence, with its Mediterranean specialties like (A) nicoise salad (see page 106 for a recipe), to the grand brasseries of Lyon, like Brasserie Georges (B), in the north. The author and her family start their road trip (C) in Geneva, join Route 7 in Lyon, and drive until its end in Menton.





O PARADISE

AND MOST DELICIOUS—ROAD. FROM LADIERES OF PROVENCE, THIS IS AN EAT-PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANDON NORDEMAN

After Paris, the first major gastronomic destination on Route 7 is Lyon. Stop by a bouchon (F), a casual neighborhood restaurant such as La Tornade Blonde, offering simple, hearty fare; visit the legendary Brasserie Georges, known for its tableside steak tartare (A; see page 108 for a recipe); or browse the Marché Saint Antoine (C), an excellent source for the city's famed charcuterie.

Lining stretches of the Route 7 are platanes (D), or plane trees, iconic markers of the French road. Though their numbers are dwindling, there are still places where their branches protect drivers from the sun. This one is north of Aix-en-Provence.



Halfway between Geneva and Lyon is the home of the gateau Labully, an orange-blossom-scented brioche with pink pralines. It's one of many sweets, such as Provençal calissons or candied fruits from Nice, to look forward to along the route.















VERY SUMMER, MY GRANDPARENTS would rent a château near Cap d'Antibes, an unspoiled peninsula between Nice and Cannes overlooking the Mediterranean. I was too young to remember my first trip from Geneva, Switzerland, where I was born, to La Garoupe, as we called it, shorthand for the entire area which included beaches, a lighthouse, and an old chapel. It was the 1960s, and together with my mother, father, and three sisters, I would spend the next ten summers here. Though the landscape was incomparable, with steep marble steps leading from the grounds to the boulder-lined sea, the part I cherished most was the journey there. We'd pile into our 1969 Citroën DS and embark from our home in Geneva to the south of France. The trip could have been quick if we had taken the Autoroute du Soleil, the brand-new

Beginning in Lyon and ending in Menton, the following photos are a chronicle of the author's road trip along the Route Nationale 7. Here she is pictured beside a vintage Citroën DS in Trets, Provence (E), the same model her family would drive to the Riviera when she was a child. Pictured above (B), her family lunches at their Côte d'Azur escape, La Garoupe, in 1951.

thoroughfare that could whisk us to the Riviera in less than a day, but my father insisted that we travel the scenic route, the Route Nationale 7.

"La Nationale Sept" (the National 7), or "N7," was France's very own Route 66, a mythical road that defined summer for generations of people, including me. The meandering path, about 600 miles long, snakes its way from Paris to Menton, a small town near the border with Italy. According to historian Thierry Dubois, author of *C'Etait La Nationale 7* (Editions Paquet, 2012), Route 7 is often called the spine of France, as it connected the cold north to the sunny south, traversing the Loire Valley, crossing the Rhône River, working its way through Provence, and ending at the Riviera. The road has existed under one name or another since Roman times (you can still see ruins along the way), until it became Route Nationale 7 in 1871.

During its heyday in the 1950s and '60s, the road was dubbed La Route des Vacances. A newly extended paid vacation for French work-

Sylvie Bigar is a food writer based in New York City. Her most recent article for saveur was "The Big Cheese" (December 2010).

A sure sign that you have arrived in Provence, at the southern reaches of Route 7, is the appearance of pissaladières (G; see page 104 for a recipe) on restaurant menus and in the markets. This oniony, olive-studded flatbread takes its name from pissala, the traditional anchovy paste that is the defining ingredient of this specialty.



The borne, a red-and-white cement road marker, came to be a symbol of Route 7. Each one signifies the passage of one kilometer. A popular card game called Mille Bornes, created in 1954, was inspired by the route's nearly 1,000-kilometer span.











crs, combined with the production of two new affordable automobiles, the Renault 4CV and Citroën 2CV, kicked off an era of traffic jams, or bouchons (the French word for "cork"), as families inched toward the South with rowboats strapped to the roofs of their cars. Residents of one Provençal village joked that during those congested times, even the pastis smelled like gasoline. To travel the road was a rite of passage; the French singer Charles Trenet even penned a song in its honor.

Restaurateurs were quick to open places where families could refuel, and there was food for every budget. My father would plan our stops according to the delicious things we would eat along the way. Each summer, we'd connect with Route 7 in Lyon, the gastronomic capital that marked the halfway point between Paris and Menton. "Three rivers flow through Lyon," my father joked, referring to the nearby vineyards, "le Rhône, la Saône, and le Beaujolais!" We'd forfeit the bouchons, the simple taverns Lyon is known for, in favor of a formal restaurant, such as La Mère Brazier, one of the first to win three Michelin stars, or the great Brasserie Georges, where I developed a taste for steak tartare, and my parents enjoyed the ripe local cheeses, like creamy St-Marcellin.

THE BEST MEALS OF THE ROAD

In 1900, brothers Edouard and André Michelin, makers of Michelin tires based in Clermont-Ferrand, France, printed the first edition of Le Guide Michelin, which came to be known colloquially as Le Guide Rouge (Red Guide). The book provided road maps, car repair advice, listings for garages and mechanics, and recommendations for places for drivers to eat and sleep. Over the years, as more cars took to the road, the guide evolved: By 1920, Michelin started to assign anonymous inspectors to evaluate restaurants and ensure their standards. In 1926, the first star rating appeared. Two- and three-star ratings were introduced in 1931 to distinguish the top eateries. Soon, the same system that is in use today took hold: One star signified a very good restaurant, two meant it was worth a detour, and three made it a destination. Hundreds of thousands of copies of each edition were printed, and the guide's success celebrated ambitious gastronomy all over France, and eventually, the world. Fernand Point in Vienne and Eugenie Brazier, in Lyon, both located along Route 7, were among the first chefs to garner three Michelin stars in 1933. Today, there are 14 such restaurants on the route. -- S.B.



Route 7 is a wine lovers' route. The journey can be tracked by the glass, from Beaujolais to Côtes du Rhône and Châteauneuf-du-Pape, and finally, the Côtes de Provence.

Provence is known for cooking that emphasizes clean flavors and local bounty, with dishes such as herb-laced fish en papillote (A), but it's equally famous for its street foods, such as socca (B], a chickpea-flour crêpe. (See page 104 for recipes.)



From tapenade (C) to fresh-pressed oil, Provence is swimming in olives; the town of Nyons on the N7 was the first to receive AOC status for its oils.









Other times when hunger struck, we could count on the casual road-side restaurants that fed travelers, as well as truckers who drove the route year round. I remember filling my plate from their generous buffets with as much leg of lamb or entreeôte as I wanted. After spending a night at one motel or another, my father might say, "Let's push to Roanne," referring to the iconic Troisgros restaurant, and its famous salmon filet with tangy sorrel sauce. Or we might stop at Restaurant de la Pyramide in Vienne, the legacy of the epicure and founder Fernand Point, who died in 1955, about whom my grandparents liked to reminisce—they told me about his laugh, his expansive waistline, and the champagne magnums he polished off throughout the day.

And so the journey went, my sisters and me crammed in with beach toys, old suitcases, and tangled shrimp nets, my father gripping the wheel with his worn-out Hermès gloves, the *Guide Michelin* on the dashboard. We zigzagged from the chareuterie of Lyon, to the *calissons* (almond-paste candies) of Aix-en-Provence, to Cavaillon's melons the size of *pétanque* balls, whose musky perfume scented the car. The delicacies that lined Route 7 were as much an indicator of where we were as

the bornes, the red-and-white cement markers that herald the passage of every kilometer. The flavors changed as we traveled south—the rich tripe dishes of Lyon were replaced by the lighter crayfish gratin in Valence, and finally, the olive-studded pissaladières that marked our descent into sun-drenched Provence. Each summer 1 grew to crave our Michelinstarred feasts, truck stop meals, impromptu pienies, and detours for local delicacies. Though this road is called so many things—La Route des Vacances, La Route Bleue—to me it was always La Route Gourmande.

Twenty years later, I live in New York with my husband, Stephen, and our two children, Sébastien, 8, and Sophie, 10, who are around the same age that I was when we would make those epic journeys. Much has changed since those days. Since 2006, the road is no longer called the N7 but is now Departmentale 6007, a demotion of sorts that signifies the road's secondary status—there are far faster ways to get from Paris to the south. My father passed away in 2003, and each summer since I have felt an itch to retrace our steps on Route 7. In homage to him, I decided to plan a trip for my own family last summer, revisiting old favorites and making new traditions, too.

Flowers are a hallmark of summers in Provence: in abundant, colorful bunches on cafe tables (E); edible varieties, such as fragrant lavender and coquelicots, wild red poppies, that crowd the markets. In Avignon, acres of sunflower fields line the highways, while Mandelieu-La-Napole on the Côte d'Azur is famous for its mimosa forests.



Chef Fernand Point, the father of modern French gastronomy, named his Restaurant de La Pyramide (D) after the Roman monument in the town of Vienne. In 1933, it was one of the first to win three Michelin stars, and became a destination of Route 7.









"ARE WE THERE YET? I AM HUNGRY!" whines my son Sébastien. I momentarily panic. We are merely a few miles into our trip, and the scene in the backscat is much less romantie than in my fantasy. "Stop kicking me!" yells Sophie. Thankfully, our first stop, Pâtisserie Gâteau Labully in St. Genix sur Guiers, is only an hour away. (Now I wonder if this is the reason my parents always made it the first stop.) We are there to eat gâteau Labully, a Rhône-Alpes specialty. It's a brioche bun scented with orange blossom water, studded with rose-colored pralines that are also baked into the dough. Inside, the bakery hasn't changed—the glass display case is as I remember it, stocked with cakes—nor has the smell, a waft of yeast and sugar. As soon as we leave the shop, we sit outside and eat without a word: The bread is tender, fragrant, and crunchy with pralines.

Back in the car, I unfold the Michelin map like a tablecloth on my lap. Our next stop will be Lyon. Like my father, I prefer Brasserie Georges, a convivial institution that has been feeding diners since 1836. My adventurous Sophie orders her first steak tartare and stares while the efficient waitress blends capers, onions, pickles, raw egg and beef so fast there's no time for a "but I don't like..." to be uttered. Sophie dives in fork first

TO MARKET

The markets along Route 7 are some of the best places to experience local delicacies and witness the transformation of flavor as the road progresses from north to south. In Lyon, the Marché Saint Antoine overflows with hearty charcuterie, such as andouillette (pork tripe sausage), and rich cheeses, like cervelle de canut, a seasoned fromage blanc. In Aix-en-Provence, the market on Place des Prêcheurs is steeped in the smells and tastes of the region, with items like garlic, lavender, local olives and olive oil, and starting in July, fragrant melons grown in nearby Cavaillon. Mediterranean flavor is in full force at the Marché Cours Massena in Antibes, and the market at Cours Saleya, up the coast in Nice. Both offer tapenade, preserved lemons, anchovy paste, and more. At the end of the road is Les Halles at Quai de Monléon in Menton, where prepared local dishes, like pan bagnat (nicoise salad on an olive-oil-drenched bun) and barbajuan (Swiss-chard-andspinach-stuffed pastry), are especially good. -- Nidhi Chauahry





The breadth of dining options along Route 7 is among its greatest joys; the outdoor cafes of Aix-en-Provence (A); the Michelin-starred finery of Pic in Valence (E); satisfying truck stops like La Mule Blanche (B, D) in Tain-l'Hermitage; bistros such as Le Brulot (F) in Antibes, with seasonal dishes like baked red snapper with fennel and tomatoes (see page 108 for a recipe).

No journey along Route 7 would be complete without a stop for almond-and-pistachio studded nougat (C, G) in Montélimar; it's still made at Nougat Arnaud Soubeyran Museum. Parents traveling the N7 would placate their car-bound kids with these sweets.



The Relais Routiers (B, D) is a list of roadside eateries that caters to truckers and travelers along France's highways, like the N7. The blue-and-red "Les Routiers" sign denotes a restaurant where drivers can count on finding good, affordable fare.

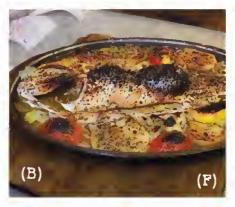














and utters what, to my relief, will become the refrain of our journey: "Mmmmm." I echo her sigh as I slice into thick disks of nutty saucisson pistaché, pork sausage with pistachios, another Lyonnais specialty.

The following day, as we cruise past the vineyards of the Côtes-du-Rhône along the steep banks of the river, I glimpse the first well-worn Nationale 7 mile marker of our trip. As we whiz past the borne, I am overcome with emotion. Seeing this symbol after so many years has brought back sentimental memories. I hide my tears as we slow down in Tain-l'Hermitage—site of some of the worst traffic jams I remember for a much-needed detour to the Valrhona chocolate factory. Taking its name from "vallée" and "Rhône," the place has been turning cocoa beans into chocolate bars since 1922. We visit the boutique, where the children choose enough bonbons to sustain us for months.

Before I let them dig in, we have to eat lunch, and nearby I spot the truck stop restaurant La Mule Blanche. We enter the simple place, marked by the round red-and-blue sign of "Les Routiers," the stamp of approval from the trucking magazine of that same name. I take in the regional accents, the rosy faces, the wooden tables, the humongous

bottles of wine that appear as soon as we sit down, and the all-you-caneat buffet holding shredded carrot salad, homespun pâtés, and salade niçoise, rich with olives, tuna, anchovies, hard-boiled eggs, and more. It's basic, joyous food. I watch my American children, utterly comfortable, joking in French with the waitress, and I can't help but beam.

Determined as I am to make our own rituals, I still must make time for a favorite of my grandparents: Pic in Valence. What started off as a café in 1891 has expanded to include a hotel and fine-dining restaurant, and, most recently, the casual Bistro Le 7. They are all run by Anne-Sophie Pic, a fourth-generation chef, and the only woman in France to hold three Michelin stars. Near the entrance, a collection of antique Michelin guides reminds us of the inextricable link between the evolution of French cuisine and the road. Valence marks the gateway to the region of Provence, and what the waiter has placed before us celebrates the local cuisine: We feast on a deconstructed pan bagnat, a niçoise salad served as an open-faced sandwich topped with lightly fried anchovies. A Mediterranean daurade is doused in ratatouille; a luscious veal roulade showcases tapenade made from the olives from a nearby grove.







The allure of the beaches in the South of France (A) is what compelled vacationing families to make the trip down Route 7. The Prench Riviera, also known as the Côte d'Azur, accounts for 124 miles of Mediterranean coast. Even Brigitte Bardot traveled down the N7 each summer; she owned a house in St. Tropez, and subsequently made the town famous.

Before the coastal towns on the N7 became glamorous resorts, many of them were fishing villages. In Antibes, commercial fishermen (B) still spend the year harvesting the waters for sardines, daurade, and other local fish.



The release of two affordable cars in the postwar years, the Citroën 2CV and the Renault 4CV (C), empowered working-class French to take to the road. During peak season along Route 7, it was common to see cars pulled over for a mid-trip picnic.









For dessert, we visit Montélimar, the home of the sticky almond-and-pistachio nougat that is an emblematic treat of Route 7. I'd heard stories of motorists back in the day running out of gridlocked cars to buy the sweets to placate their children. As we pull up to the Soubeyran Nougat Museum, I have a sense memory of the candy clinging to my teeth.

Chewing noisily on our sweets, we drive past the Arc de Triomphe d'Orange, a marvelous Roman ruin, and a few miles later enter the Châteauneuf-du-Pape wine region. Stephen, a wine lover, insists that a vineyard be on the agenda. We had our pick, as the route travels from the Loire Valley through the Côtes du Rhônes, then on to Châteauneuf-du-Pape, and into the rosé-producing regions of Provence. We visit fourth-generation vintner Jean-Pierre Serguier at Château Simian, who runs an organic vineyard. He pours us his delicious Châteauneuf-du-Pape Grandes Grenachières made from vines planted as far back as 1880, and reminisces about selling wine as a kid from a shed on the road that cuts through his domain. It's the end of August, and the harvest has just started. "Finally, a wine I like," appraises Sébastien, sipping fresh grape juice but convinced he's discovered rosé.

It's hard to fathom that we are hungry again the next day, but there are cries of "J'ai faim" coming from the backseat. Without a plan and past Aix-en-Provence, where we quickly stopped to get my beloved *calissons* (almond-paste candies) at the Marché de la Place des Prêcheurs, we pull over at Côté Jardin, a roadside restaurant in Saint-Maximinla-Sainte-Beaume. I expect steak frites simplicity, but am awed instead by a succulent guinea hen stuffed with morels, and golden *pissaladières*, the best I have ever tasted, topped with two shimmering sardines. I am thrilled to find out that the N7 still delivers delicious surprises.

Another two hours and we leave the N7 to enter the lush courtyard of our hotel on Cap d'Antibes, which is just up the coast from La Garoupe, the château where I spent my early summers. I walk down the beach to search for the old rental. Eventually, I see the familiar rocky cape. The path that leads to the house is now guarded by a sturdy wall, but the overgrown garden, like my memories, cannot be contained.

LINING THE N7 AS WE DRIVE THROUGH the Riviera, palm trees have replaced the sheltering *platane* trees of the North. At the covered

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The covered market in Antibes, brimming with lavender bunches and zucchini blossoms, offers an unexpected delicacy in the form of the jumbo madeleines (B) from the family-run Boulangerie La Belle Epoque (see page 104 for a recipe).



The Route Nationale 7 leads from the temperate climes of Paris to the warmth of the Mediterranean coast, known as the Côte d'Azur (A). The name was coined by the writer Stephen Liegeard, a reference to the vivid blue color of the sea (Route 7 was also called La Route Bleue for the same reason). Here, the sun shines 300 days of the year.









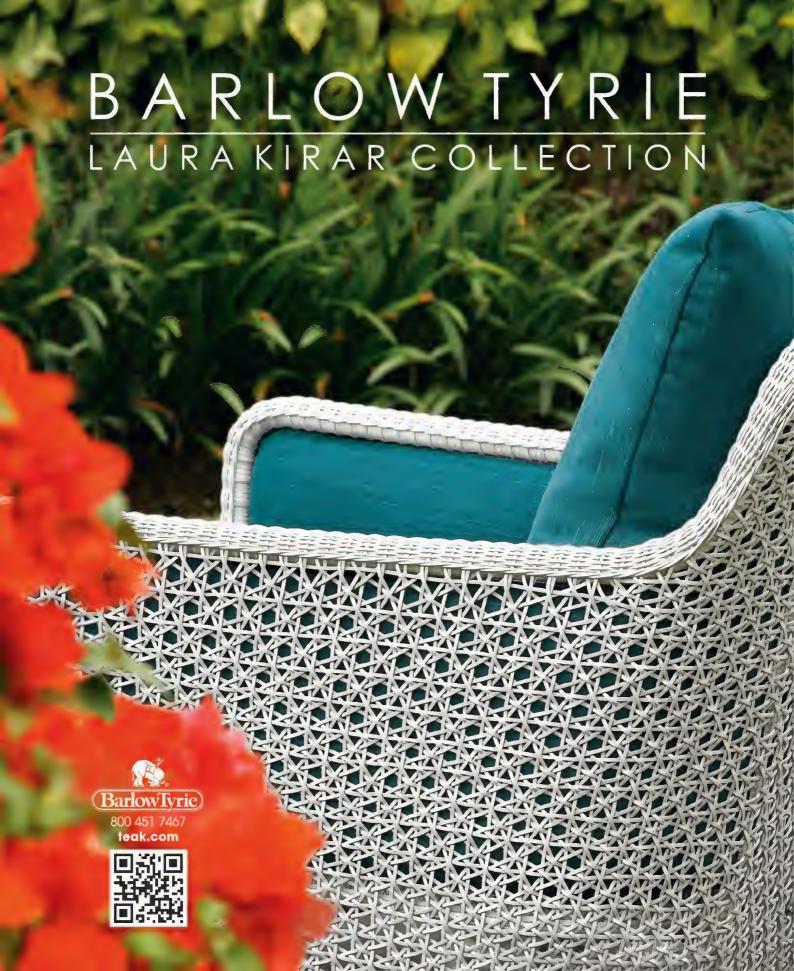
market in Antibes, we graze on chickpea-flour socca, a savory crêpe baked in a wood-fired oven. I follow a buttery seent to Boulangerie La Belle Epoque, where warm madeleines await. Then, we taste pungent black-olive spread from the tapenade maker. It's high season, and the ripe tomatoes, plump apricots, and bundles of lavender resemble paradise.

As we drive through Nice, then above Eze, a clifftop village with spectacular views of the sea, I'm saddened by the knowledge that the trip is coming to an end. Our final destination is the lemon groves of Menton. We visit La Citronneraie, owned by François Mazet, a retired Formula One racecar driver who now cares for citrus trees. He sells the fruit here in Menton and to some of France's most discerning chefs. Mazet cuts open a lemon for me to taste. I brace myself for harsh acidity, but the fruit gives off hints of sweet strawberry and bitter orange. I relish those nuances again at a local restaurant called Les Saveurs D'Éléonore, where I eat a tart made from these very lemons. The bittersweet taste is a fitting end for this trip. I have discovered new haunts and lamented the loss of old ones, but it's time to turn around. We have come to the end of the road.

WHEN IN THE SOUTH, DRINK ROSE

As Route 7 winds south, it traverses two great rose-producing regions: the Rhône Valley and Provence, Hot, sunny Provence tends to yield pale wines with tart minerality--perfect for summer meals. Mas de Cadenet Sainte Victorie Rosé's (317) earthy finish enhances the region's chickpea socca, while the citrus in Domaine Sorin Terra Amata Rosé (\$17) complements rich salade nicoise. Cabernet lends juiciness to the Château Vignelaure Rosé (\$22), a foil to briny tapenade and pissaladières. Mellow Palais Privé Rosé (\$20), from Luberon, wedged between the Rhône and Provence, tames the sharp mustard in steak tartare. Ruddier and racier than its Provençal cousins, E. Guigal Côtes du Rhône Rose (\$15) stands up to roasted fish dishes, while the herbal Château Mourgues du Gres Fleur d' Eglantine (\$13) is a match for milder preparations, like fish en papillote. For dessert, the tropical Commanderie de Peyrassol Rose (\$20) from Provence heightens the flavor of lemony sweets like madeleines. -- Betsy Andrews

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The Guide France's Route 7

Dinner for two with drinks and tip
Inexpensive Under \$20 Moderate \$20-\$80 Expensive Over \$80

WHERE TO EAT

Brasserie Georges

30 cours de Verdun, Lyon (33/4/7256-5454; brasseriegeorges.com). Moderate. This cavernous brasserie epitomizes the genre, with its convivial bustle, efficient service, Belle Epoque setting, and solid, delicious Lyonnais fare.

Café Les Saveurs d'Éléonore

4 place du Docteur Fomari (33/4/9357-6000). Moderate. This cheery, simple eatery is a fine place to sample Provençal specialties such as savory pissaladières, fougasse cake made with anise and orange blossom water, and Menton lemon tart.

Côté Jardin

5 avenue Albert 1er, Saint-Maximin-la-Sainte-Baume (33/4/9478-0014; hotel-de-france fr). Moderate. Chef Pascal Riis makes the most of the local seafood and vegetable bounty at this Provençal gem.

La Mule Blanche

Quartier de la Mule Blanche, RN 7, Tain-l'Hernitage (33/4/7508-5275; relais-routiers.com). Inexpensive. Follow the lead of the truck drivers and order the entrecôte with fries, coq au vin, or fluffy chocolate mousse at this roadside eatery.

LaPyramide

14, boulevard Fernand Point, Vienne (33/4/7453-0196; lapyramide.com). Expensive. The restaurant, once owned by the legendary Fernand Point, is in the capable hands of chef Patrick Hentiroux, who crafts beautiful two-star Michelin plates from the region's finest ingredients.

Le Brulot

3 Rue Fréderic Isnard, Antibes (33/4/9334-1776: brulot fr). Moderate. In the coastal town of Antibes, this casual eatery is best known for its simple treatment of seasonal foods, particularly fish.

Le Relais 500 de Vienne

986 RN 7 Chonas L'Amballan, Vienne (33/417458-8144; relais-500-de-vienne.com). Inexpensive. This roadside eatery and motel, open since 1959, marks 500 kilometers on Route 7 (bence, the name). This is a classic place to stop for a mid-trip meal of hearty regional specialtics, such as *frisée aux lardons* and pig's foot terrine.

Pic Le7

285 avenue Victor Hugo, Valence-Drome (33/4/7544-3605; pic-valence-fr). Expensive, Whether you choose the high-end restaurant or the café, chef Anne-Sophie Pic, the only living female to hold three Michelin stars, will dazzle you with her refined and imaginative cooking.

WHAT TO DO

La Citronneraie

Le Mas Flofaro, 69 corniche Tardieu, Menton (33/6/8026-5224, lacitronneraie .com). Call in advance and make an appointment to see—and depending on the season, taste—the fragrant, tangy Menton lemon. Learn about the culture and history of this citrus-growing region from the knowledgeable farmer, François Mazet.

Pâtisserie Gâteau Labully

Place de l'Église, Saint Genix sur Guiers (33/4/7631-6302). The village boasts several pastry shops with their own version of the Gâteau Labully, the heady brioche bun studded with rose-colored pralines, but this one is the original.

Valrhona Boutique Chocolaterie

14 Avenue du President Roosevelt, Tain-l'Hermitage (33/4/7507-9062; valrhona.com). Fill up on top-quality chocolate and confections at this elegant shop in rhe legendary Valrhona chocolate factory. — S.B.

Madeleines

MAKES 8 SMALL CAKES

Made from an airy sponge cake batter, these oversized lemon-scented pastries (pictured on page 102) are baked until dark brown to impart a delectable crust at Belle Epoque Boulangerie in Antibes.

- 2 cups flour, plus more for pan
- 1 tbsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. kosher salt
- 11/2 cups sugar
- 2 tsp. vanilla extract Zest of 2 lemons
- eggs, separated
- 20 tbsp. unsalted butter, melted and cooled, plus more for greasing
- 1 Heat oven to 325°. Grease and flour eight 5¾" x 3¾" x 1¾" mini loaf pans, and ser aside. Whisk together flour, baking powder, and salt in a small bowl; set aside. In a large bowl, beat sugar, vanilla, zest, and egg yolks on medium-high speed of a hand mixer until pale, tripled in volume, and mixture falls back in tbick ribbons when lifted from beaters, about 6 minutes. Add flour mixture and butter, and using a rubber spatula, gently fold into batter until almost combined.
- 2 Place egg whites in a clean bowl and beat on medium-higb speed of a hand mixer until stiff peaks form. Add ½ of the beaten egg whites to the batter and stir until smooth; add remaining whites and fold in gently until combined. Divide batter evenly among pans, and bake until deep golden brown, about 40 minutes. Let cool 5 minutes, and then invert cakes onto a wire rack to cool completely.

Pissaladière

(Caramelized Onion Tart) SERVES 12

This southern French tart (pictured on page 91) takes its name from *pissala*, a pungent anchovy paste that gives the flatbread its disrinctive flavor. Serve this savory bread as an appetizer or snack with chilled rosé.

- 1 ¼-oz. package active dry yeast
- 3 cups flour
- 3/4 cup extra-virgin olive oil, plus more for greasing
- tbsp. kosher salt, plus more to taste
- 20 oil-packed anchovies, drained and finely chopped
- 12 medium yellow onions, thinly sliced lengthwise
- 4 sprigs thyme

- 2 sprigs rosemary
- 2 bay leaves Freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- ½ cup pitted, halved black
- 1 Make the dough: Whisk together yeast and I cup water, heated to 115°, in a large bowl; let sit until foamy, about 10 minutes. Add flour, ¼ cup oil, and salt, and stir until dough forms; transfer to a floured work surface and knead until smooth, about 6 minutes. Transfer to a greased bowl, cover with plastic wrap, and let sit until doubled in size, about 1 hour.
- 2 Meanwhile, make the topping: Heat remaining oil in a 6-qt. saucepan over medium-low heat; add anchovies, and cook, stirring, until dissolved in the oil, about 7 minutes. Add onions, thyme, rosemary, bay leaves, and salt and pepper, and cook, covered and stirring occasionally, until reduced and softened, about 1 hour; uncover and cook, stirring occasionally, until liquid evaporates and onions are golden brown, about 30 minutes. Remove from heat and discard herb sprigs and bay leaf; let cool.
- 3 Hear oven to 425°. Uncover dough and transfer to a work surface; using a rolling pin, roll dough into a 12" x 18" rectangle. Transfer dough rectangle to a greased 13" x 18" rimmed baking sheet, and then cover evenly with onion mixture; place olive halves decoratively over onion mixture. Cover tart loosely with plastic wrap and let sit until dough is puffed, about 1 bour. Bake until golden brown at the edges, about 20 minutes. Let cool for 10 minutes before cutting into squares to serve.

Poisson en Papillote

(Red Snapper Baked in Packets) SERVES 4

This simple preparation of red snapper (pictured on page 92), inspired by the restaurant Le Brulot in Antibes, calls for cooking the fish in a parchment packet with white wine, lemon, and fresh herbs, trapping the fish's delicious juices and keeping it moist.

- 4 4-oz. red snapper filets Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- 16 sprigs thyme
- 8 sprigs rosemary
- 4 bay leaves
- 4 tbsp. unsalted butter
- 4 rbsp. olive oil

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- ½ cup white wine
- 1/4 cup finely chopped herbs, such as parsley, chives, tarragon, or chervil (any combination)
- 1 lemon, cut into 4 wedges
- 1 Heat oven to 450°. Cut out four 16" x 10" heart-shaped pieces parchment paper; fold hearts in half lengthwise to form a crease down the middle. Place a filet in the center of one half of one heart, placing it next to the crease; season with salt and pepper, and place 4 sprigs thyme, 2 sprigs rosemary, 1 bay leaf, 1 thsp. butter, and 1 thsp. oil on top. Fold other half of heart over filet, and starting at the narrow end, hegin folding open edges up; move 1/2" down the fold and create another fold. Repeat folding until packet is almost closed at the wide end; pour 2 tbsp. wine in open hole, and then fold to close it tightly. Transfer packet to a baking sheet, and repeat with remaining parchment paper hearts, filets, herbs, butter, oil, and wine.
- 2 Bake until fish is cooked through, about 8 minutes. To serve, open packets and discard whole herbs; transfer filets to serving plates, sprinkle with finely chopped herbs, and serve with lemon wedges.

Salade Niçoise SERVES 4-6

Traditionally made with local olives, oil-cured tuna, and anchovies, this protein-rich salad from Provence (pietured on page 88) has become a staple of hrasseries all over France.

FOR THE DRESSING:

- 1 clove garlic Kosher salt, to taste
- ⅓ cup olive oil
- 2 tbsp. fresh lemon juice
- tbsp. Dijon mustard shallot, minced
- Freshly ground black pepper, to taste

FOR THE SALAD:

- 1 lb. small new potatoes, boiled until tender
- oz. yellow baby beets, boiled until tender, peeled
- oz. red baby beets, boiled 6 until tender, peeled
- oz. haricot verts, blanched
- 12 oz. cherry tomatoes, halved
- cup black Niçoise olives
- small radishes, trimmed and thinly sliced
- salt-packed anchovies, rinsed and drained
- 4 hard-boiled eggs, halved

- lengthwise
- 3 4-oz. cans high-quality oilpacked tuna, drained
- small cucumber, thinly sliced
- cup loosely packed basil leaves, to garnish
- 1/4 cup thinly sliced scallions, to garnish
- 1 Make the dressing: Mince garlic on a cutting board and sprinkle heavily with salt; using a knife, scrape garlic and salt together to form a smooth paste. Transfer paste to a bowl and whisk in oil, juice, mustard, shallot, and salt and pepper; set aside.
- 2 Make the salad: Arrange all ingredients in separate rows on a large scrving platter; drizzle dressing over all ingredients, season with salt and pepper, and garnish with basil and scallions just before serving.

Socca

(Chickpea-Flour Crêpes) SERVES 4-6

This rosemary-scented chickpeaflour crêpe (pictured on page 92) is a mainstay of southern French markets. Serve it as an appetizer, or with a salad for a light meal.

- 1 cup chickpea flour (see page 116)
- 16 cup olive oil
- 11/2 tbsp, minced rosemary
- tsp. kosher salt
- tsp. ground cumin Freshly ground black pepper,
- 1 Whisk together flour, 2 tbsp. oil, 1 tbsp. rosemary, salt, and 1 cup water in a medium bowl until smooth; cover and let batter sit at room temperature for 2 hours.
- 2 Heat broiler to high and heat a 10" cake pan under hroiler for 10 minutes. Add 3 tbsp. oil to pan, and then pour in half the batter, tilting pan to spread it over hottom of pan. Broil until crisp and browned all over, about 4 minutes. Remove from oven, and sprinkle with half each the remaining rosemary, salt, cumin, and pepper; repeat with remaining oil, batter, rosemary, salt, cumin, and pepper.

Tapenade Noire à la Figue

(Olive Spread with Figs) MAKES 2 CUPS

This classic Provençal spread made with black olives and cured anchovies gets a chewy texture and sweet flavor from the addition of dried Black Mission figs (pictured on page 93). Serve it on slices of baguette or as a spread with a cheese board.

- 1 cup (about 5 oz.) finely chopped dried Black Mission figs
- cup (about 5 oz.) pitted drycured black olives
- cup extra-virgin olive oil
- cup salt-packed capers, rinsed and drained
- tbsp. fresh lemon juice
- oil-packed anchovies, drained
- cloves garlic, finely chopped Freshly ground black pepper,

Combine all ingredients in a food processor and pulse until evenly chopped and combined. Transfer to a bowl, eover with plastie wrap, and store in the refrigerator for up to 1 week.

Tartare de Filet de Boeuf

(Steak Tartare)

SERVES 4

This steak tartare recipe (pictured on page 90) was inspired by the zesty tableside preparation at Brasserie Georges in Lyon. For best results, use the highest-quality beef you can find, and chop it by hand.

- oz. trimmed center-cut beef tenderloin
- 11/2 tbsp. Dijon mustard
- 2 egg yolks
- cup canola oil
- tbsp. salt-packed capers, rinsed, drained, and mineed
- tbsp. minced, pitted green Niçoise olives
- tbsp. minced parsley
- tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- tsp. hot sauce, such as Tabasco
- cornichons, minced
- small yellow onion, minced Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste French fries, for serving Mixed salad greens, for serv-
- 1 Place beef in the freezer to firm. about 30 minutes; this will make it easier to chop finely. Meanwhile, whisk mustard and egg yolks in a large bowl; while whisking constantly, slowly pour in oil to create a mayonnaise. Add capers, olives, parsley, Worcestershire, hot sauce, cornichons, and onion, and season with salt and pepper; refrigerate flavorings until ready to use.
- 2 Remove beef from freezer and cut into ¼" cubes. Transfer beef to

bowl of flavorings and stir to combine. Keep beef mixture chilled until ready to serve.

3 To serve, divide beef mixture into 4 equal portions, and shape each into an oval disk on a serving plate. Serve immediately with fries and mixed greens, if you like.

Vivaneau Rouge Rôti avec Fenouil et Tomates

(Red Snapper Baked with Fennel and Tomatoes)

Garlic, coriander, and thyme season this full-flavored baked fish (pictured on page 96), inspired by a similar dish at the restaurant Le Brulot in Antihes. Serve with crusty bread for soaking up the flavorful juices.

- plum tomatoes, cored and halved lengthwise
- medium bulb fennel, trimmed, cut into 12 wedges
- medium yellow onion, cut crosswise into 1/2" slices
- cloves garlic Kosher salt, to taste
- cup fresh lemon juice
- cup olive oil
- tsp. lightly crushed coriander seeds
- tsp. lightly crushed black peppercorns
- tsp. dried thyme
- bay leaves
- 1-lb. whole red snappers, cleaned and scaled Freshly ground black pepper, to taste
- tbsp. finely chopped parsley Baguette slices, for serving
- 1 Heat oven to 400°. Place tomatoes, fennel, and onion evenly in a large oval baking dish; set aside. Mince garlic on a cutting board and sprinkle heavily with salt; using a knife, scrape garlic and salt together to form a smooth paste. Transfer to a bowl, and whisk in juice, oil, eoriander, peppercorns, thyme, and bay leaves; pour half of this dressing over the vegetables. Place in oven and bake until vegetables are tender, about 35 minutes.
- 2 Heat broiler to high. Season inside and outside of fish with salt and ground pepper, and place over vegetables in dish; pour remaining dressing evenly over fish. Place under broiler and cook, turning fish once, until fish are cooked through, about 18 minutes. Sprinkle with parsley before serving with bread.



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Homegrown Hot Dogs

the state fair (see "Fair and Square," page 31), are a great American summertime tradition. Fierce regional loyalties still shape the hot dog busi-

Hot dogs, whether tucked in a bun at the ballpark or served on a stick at ness: Many of the dogs produced in this country are made by local, often family-owned businesses, and flavors and styles vary widely from place to place. See The Pantry, page 116, for sources. -Kellie Evans



1 Vienna Beef Frankfurters (Illinois): A classic garlicky Chicago dog with a snappy casing.



2 Let's be Frank Uncured Beef Franks (California): A peppery dog from a former Chez Panisse chef.



3 Caspers Famous Hot Dogs (California): A beefpork blend with a sweet oniony flavor.



4 Dewig Meats Jumbo Wieners (Indiana): Colossal beef-and-pork wieners with a hint of rosemary.



5 Indian Valley Alaska Hot Dogs (Alaska): Reindeer meat gives these dogs a robust, gamey flavor.



6 Hoffy Hollywood's Original (California): All beef with super-snappy skin, served at Pink's in LA.



7 Continental Sausage Wieners (Colorado): Brightly seasoned with celery powder and sea salt.



8 Sahlen's Smokehouse Hot Dogs (New York): Paprika-laced beef-andpork that's deeply smoky.



9 Tony Packo's Hickory Smoked Hungarian Hot Dog (Ohio), Smoked pork with kielbasa-like heft.



10 Bright Leaf Skinless Frankfurters (North Carolina): Beef-pork franks with a peppery kick.



11 Nathan's Famous Skinless Beef Franks (New York): A juicy, oniony Coney Island classic.



12 Schweigert Hardwood Smoked Beef Wieners (Minnesota): Snappyskinned and garlicky.



13 Koegel's Natural Casing Viennas (Michigan): Smoked, with a rich, almost bacon-like flavor.



14 Kayem Fenway Franks (Massachusetts): These plump, all-beef franks are also gluten-free.



15 Rocky Mountain Organic Beef Hot Dogs (Wyoming): Grass-fed sirloin, top round, and chuck.



16 Usinger's Old World Style Wieners (Wisconsin): Beef, pork, mace, and plenty of paprika.



17 Zweigle's Pop Open (New York): Plump, paprikaspiced "hots" in natural casing split when grilled



18 Hummel Bros, Natural Casing Frankfurters #5 (Connecticut): Smoky beef and pork.



19 Saugy Skinless Frankfurts (Rhode Island): Luscious skinless beef-and-pork franks.



20 Deck Family Farm Old World Hot Dog (Oregon): Salami-like beefand-pork franks.

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Flavors of the Amazon

Shopping for the recipes in this issue's story on Marajó, Brazil ("Passage to the Amazon," page 54), our test kitchen staff was able to find all of the necessary ingredients-or close analogues that make fine substitutes-at Asian, Latin American, and Caribbean grocery stores and websites. Having fallen in love with the bold, wild flavors of this part of Brazil, it's great to know that I can re-create them here at home. (See The Pantry, page 116, for sources.) -James Oseland

Alfavaca 1, a kind of basil used widely on Marajó, has a lemony, grassy flavor; we found that both Thai and lemon basil made perfect substitutes. Culantro 2, widely available at Latin American markets, is a favorite herb on Marajó, where it's used in fish, chicken, and duck dishes, as well as virtually every stewed dish, usually in tandem with alfavaca and cilantro 3, another herb that grows in abundance on the island. A riot of chiles lend flavor and heat to Marajoaran cooking: The perfumed, sweet, slender, light-green pepper known as murupi or pimenta de cheiro doce ("sweet-smelling chile") o is widely used in savory dishes, typically sautéed along with garlie and onion to create a flavorful base for sauces for meat and fish. You can substitute Italian frying peppers for the pimenta de cheiro doce. Sweet limão rosa (pink limes) 6 are juiced to create a tangy marinade for fish and crabs; key limes have a similar acidity and are a good proxy. Cadmium-red annatto (often sold in this country as achiote) is mixed with water to make urucum liquido (liquid an-

natto) 6, which imparts a peppery, earthy flavor to everything from beans and rice to sumptuous cheese and pasta casseroles. Look for whole annatto seeds in Latin American and Caribbean grocery stores and pulverize them in a spice grinder before using. Avoid prepared achiote pastes, which often include other ingredients that interfere with the flavor of the annatto, like oregano. Little-known outside of the Amazon, cipó d'álho 2, or garlie bush (Mansoa alliacea), has broad leaves that smell like bacon. You won't find the leaves at groeery stores, but tropical plant stores sell the seeds and plants. Of course, for some things, you still have to travel. One of the most ancient ingredients in the Amazon is tucupí (1), made from the cooked juice of fermented cassava that's a by-product of the elaborate process for making cassava meal. Ranging in color from pale yellow to deep goldenrod with a flavor that's pure umami, the liquid is enriched with chiles and added to a variety of fish, shrimp, and poultry dishes, and is also used as a base for fiery, chile-spiked stews.



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Foolproof Fettuccine

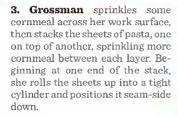
If our salute to the food carts of Portland, Oregon (see page 68), taught us anything, it's that cooking in a scaled-back kitchen doesn't have to mean cutting corners. Rachael Grossman at the cart Artigiano wowed us with her method for making fresh fettuccine (see page 84 for a recipe). Allowing the pasta to dry out before slicing it prevents sticking, makes for easy cutting, and yields noodles that retain their shape and bite during cooking. Here's how she does it:



1. Rachael Grossman takes her homemade dough (see page 84 for a recipe) and cuts it into manageable pieces. Using a hand-crank pasta-rolling machine, she passes the dough through the rollers repeatedly, decreasing the thickness each time, until she has sheets of pasta that are about 1/16" thick (the 5 on a pasta machine) and smooth.



2. Then, Grossman drapes the sheets of pasta over a pasta drying rack (you can use a tie rack, dishdrying rack, or sweater-drying rack) for about 5 minutes to allow moisture to evaporate from the surface of the pasta. This keeps the sheets from sticking to one another and makes them easier to cut.





4. Using a chef's knife, Grossman slices the cylinder crosswise into 1/4"-wide ribbons of pasta. She unravels the ribbons by tossing them with a little more cornmeal and separating the ribbons with her fingers. She lets the pasta sit uncovered for a further 10 minutes to dry a little more before she cooks it or transfers to a storage container to use later. -Ben Mims



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Pot of Gold

As we developed recipes for this issue—from the deep-fried spicy Thai chicken wings on page 84 to the slow-cooked Brazilian fish stew on page 66—we relied heavily, as always, on our Le Creuset cookware. Take the signature casserole, the French Oven: It heats up evenly, retains that heat, and transfers from stovetop to oven to table better than any pot we know. At the Le Creuset factory in northern France, they keep an example like the one pictured below on hand, with a portion cut away to reveal a cross-section of the materials employed in its design. Le Creuset's artisans have been making pots this way since 1925, pouring molten metal into black sand molds, which are destroyed after the casting process and recycled for future use. The cast iron is then covered with layers of vitreous enamel. Below, a closer look at how that engineering produces such consistently stellar results. —*Greg Ferro*



Exterior Enamel

The colorful, thin layers of enamel on the outside give Le Creuset pots their iconic look, and this extra protective coating helps prevent cracking and increases durability. Two different colors are gradated so the top of the pot is a lighter shade than the bottom.

Cast Iron This metal makes a superior cooking base. It stands up to very high temperatures, retains heat extremely well, and conducts heat evenly in the oven. And it's tough—it can go straight from refrigerator to stove without expanding, contracting, or breaking.

Top Knob The sturdy knob affixed to the French Oven's lid is made from a composite phenolic material that can take the oven's heat—it is rated to withstand temperatures up to 500 degrees—and will stay cool to the touch even after hours of stove-top braising.

Interior Enamel

The sand-colored interior coat of enamel keeps the cast iron from reacting with ingredients, so there's no metallic aftertaste to tomato-based sauces and other acidic foods. It also protects the cast iron from rust, making the pots long lasting and easy to clean.

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THE PANTRY

A Guide to Resources

In producing the stories for this issue, we discovered ingredients and information too good to keep to ourselves. Please feel free to raid our pantry!

BY BEN MIMS

Fare

Purchase Employees Only Grenadine from KegWorks (\$11.49 for a 12-ounce bottle; 877/636-3673; keg works.com). When visiting Peru, sample the lucuma ice cream at **Helados OVNI** (Panamericana Sur, Km. 63.5, Chilca; 51/999-729-093).

Drink

To find out where to purchase the Alvinne and De Dolle beers, contact B. United International (203/938-0713; bunitedint.com); for Dilewyns and Dupont beers, contact Vanberg & DeWulf (800/656-1212; belgian experts .com); for De La Senne and Drie Fonteinen beers, contact the Shelton Brothers (413/323-7790; shelton brothers.com); for De Dochter van de Korenaar beers, contact 12 Percent Imports (347/804-8420; 12percent imports.com); for Duvel, go to their website (duvel.be); for Oud Beersel and St. Bernardus beers, contact D & V International (561/622-7581; specialtybeer.com); for Poperings Hommel Bier, contact Glohal Beer Network (800/442-3379; glohalbeer .com); and for Westmalle beers, contact Merchant du Vin (253/656-0320; merchantduvin.com).

Classic

To make the creme brûlèe recipe (see page 46), buy a **handheld chef's torch**, available from Amazon.com

(\$24.81; amazon.com).

Marajó, Brazil

To make the rice and black-eyed peas recipe (see page 63), use ground annatto seed, available from The Great American Spice Company (\$4.99 for a 5-ounce container; 877/677-4239; americanspice.com). To prepare the pasta and shrimp casserole recipe (see page 63), purchase a variety of Brazilian pickled chiles at Company of Herbs (888/885-9931; companyofherbs.com) or Rio Market (718/706-7272; riosuper market.com), ground annatto seed (see above), and anellini pasta, available from Piccolo's Gastronomia Italiana (\$1.69 for a 16-ounce bag; 201/313-0200; piccolosgastronomia.com). To make the fish with shrimp sauce and plantains recipe (see page 64), huy Brazilian pickled chiles (see above) and ground annatto seed (see ahove). To make the fish stew recipe (see page 64), use palm oil, available from My Natural Market (\$15.96 for an 8-ounce jar; 866/646-8098; mynaturalmarket.com).

Portland Food Trucks

To prepare the Iraqi stuffed onions recipe (see page 84), use pomegranate molasses, available from Buy Asian Foods.com (\$3.56 for a 14-ounce bottle; 888/598-9961; buyasianfoods. com), and ground sumac, available from Mama's Lebanese Kitchen (\$1.88 for a 4-ounce bag; 888/549-8862; mamaslebanesekitchen.com). To make the Guam-style chicken with red rice recipe (see page 86), buy cane vinegar, available from Exe's Asian Market (\$1.88 for a 25-ounce hottle; 386/957-4911; stores .exesasianmarket.com), and ground annatto seeds, available from The Great American Spice Company (\$4.99 for a 5-ounce container; see above). To make the chickpeas with mango pickle recipe (see page 86), purchase pickled mango, available from Online Food Grocery.com (\$2.49 for a 16-ounce jar; 800/720-9350; onlinefoodgrocery.com), and **ground sumac**, available from Mama's Lebanese Kitchen (\$1.88 for a 4-ounce bag; 888/549-8862; mamaslebanesekitchen.com).

Route 7

To make chickpea-flour crêpes (see page 106), use **chickpea flour**, available at iHerb.com (\$2.75 for a 22-ounce bag; 951/616-3600; iherb.com).

Kitchen

To order our favorite regional American hotdogs, contact Vienna Beef to order their Frankfurters (\$89.99 for the Chicago Style Hot Dog Kit including 16 Poppy Seed Buns, one 1.2-ounce container celery salt, one 10.5-ounce jar Plochman's yellow mustard, one 12-ounce jar Bright Green Relish, and 16 Skinless Hot Dogs; 773/278-7800; viennaheef.com); Let's Be Frank to order their Grass-fed Uneured Beef Frank (\$7.50 for a 12-ounce package; 415/674-6755; letsbefrankdogs.com); Caspers Famous Hot Dogs to order their Hot Dog Frankfurters (\$18 for 2.5- pound box; 510/614-8100; sparsausage.com); Dewig Meats to order their Jumbo Weiners (\$2.99 per pound; 812/768-6208; dewigmeats .com); Indian Valley Meats to order their Alaska Hot Dogs with Reindeer Meat (\$3.69 for a 12-ounce package; 907/653-7511; indianvalleymeats.com); Amazon.com to order Hoffy Hollywood's Original Natural Casing Beef Frankfurters (\$69.95 for six 12-ounce packages; amazon.com); Continental Sausage to order their Uncured and Cooked Wieners (\$6.96 for a 12-ounce package; 303/288-9787; continentalsausage.com); Made In Buffalo to order Sahlen's Smokehouse Dogs (\$59.99 for a 3-pound package; 866/248-9623; madeinbuffalo.com); Tony Packo's to order Toledo's Authentic Hungarian Dog (\$109-\$129 for Tony Packo's 15 Original Hot Dog Pack; 866/472-2567; tonypacko.com); Carolina Packers to order Bright Leaf Skinless Frankfurters (\$5.99 for a 1-pound hox; 800/682-7675; carolina packers.com); Nathan's Famous to order Nathan's Famous Skinless Beef Franks (\$14.99 for 24-count pack; 800/925/2416; shop. nathansfamous .com); Schweigert to find a retailer selling their Hardwood Smoked Beef Wiener (\$5.99 for a 14.3-ounce package; 800/532-5756; schweigertmeats .com); Koegel's to order their Natural Casing Viennas (\$10.99 for 2 packs of 8; 269/623-4566; koegelmeats.com); Kayem to find a retailer selling their Fenway Franks Beef (\$5.19 for 16-ounce package; kayem. com); Rocky Mountain to order their Organic Beef Hot Dogs (\$7.95 for an 8-ounce package; 303/272-4681; rockymtncuts.com); Usinger to order their Old World Style Wieners (\$3.75 for a 10-ounce package; 414/276-9105; usingersdeli.com); Zweigle's to order their Pop Open, Natural Casing Texas Brand Hot Dogs (\$4.25 per pound; 585/546-1740; zweigles. com); Hummel Brothers to order Natural Casing Frankfurters (\$4.85 for a 1-pound pack; 203/787-4113; hummelbros.com); Saugy to order their Skinless Frankfurts (\$100 for a 5-pound package; 401/640-1879; saugy. net); and Deck Family Farm to order their Nitrite-Free, Old World Brand Hot Dog (\$9.85 for an 8-ounce package; 541/998-4697; deckfamily fatm. com). To cook with the flavors of the Amazon (see page 110), buy pimenta de cheiro doce plants from the ChileWoman.com (\$3.50 per plant; 812/339-8321; thechilewoman.com); cubanelle peppers and Key limes from Melissa's/World Variety Produce (call for price and availability; 800/588-0151; melissas.com); ground annatto seed from The Great American Spice Company (see above); and cipo-d'alho seeds from Top Tropicals (\$29.95 for 10 plants and \$2.95 for 6 seeds; 866/897-7957; toptropicals.com.) To learn more about Le Creuset cookware, go to lecreuset.com.



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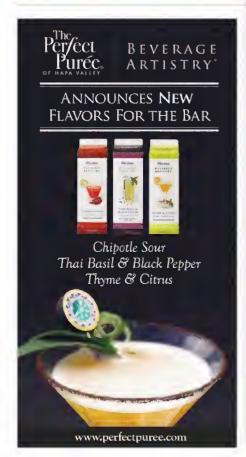
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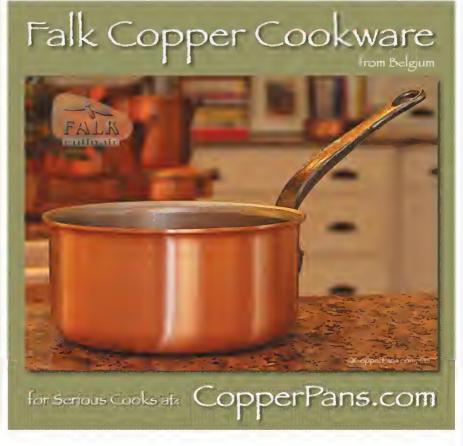












MOMENT



TIME 3:00 P.M., September 3, 2011

PLACE St. Paul, Minnesota

Stephanie Kasper, a runner-up Minnesota Dairy princess, poses in a refrigerated room at the State Fair for sculptor Linda Christensen, who demonstrates the best way to butter up royalty.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PENNY DE LOS SANTOS



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